

THE GLASSE OF TIME, IN THE two first Ages.

Diuinely handled,

By Thomas Peyton, *of* Lincolnes Inne, *Gent.*

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THE

GLASSE

OF TIME, IN TWO

PARTS.

TO THE ILLVS-TRIOVS PRINCE

Charles, Prince of *Wales*.

MOst hopefull Prince, Europaes richeſt Iem,
Succeſſor to theſe famous weſterne Iles,
Chaſt Oliue Branch, deſcended of that Stem,
Whoſe, what he hath, all on thy fortune ſmiles:
Inheritor to ſuch a Potent King,
As no Age yet, his Like could euer bring.

Braue Pearle of men, within whoſe louely Face,
The ſacred Muſes learned Arts combine,
And all Heauens gifts from great Apollos Race,
Apparant ſeeme within thy Browes to ſhine,
Thy Fathers Doran, kingly workes of State,
This more then needs, as borne but out of date.

Yet Royall Prince, let but thine eyes behold,
This lofty Subiect in theſe Rurall Rimes,
T'will more encourage then Earths pureſt gold,
To make my Muſe to all ſucceeding times,
Blaze forth thy parts and high deſerued Fame,
That thy rare worth may all the World inflame.

As in a Garden *of sweete fragrant flowers,*
Where each man takes what to his mind seemes best,
Then sits him downe within their pleasant Bowers,
Peruseth all, *and for a* Time *doth* Rest,
Contented, Ioy'd (Admiring) *to haue found;*
So great a change, *in one small piece of Ground.*

So deerest *Prince, within thy Fathers workes,*
What Poesies sweete, *Graue sentences* diuine,
Sad morrall matter *in each* Subiect *lurkes?*
To draw thy youth *to trace him* line *by* line,
Whilst this *may chance to* recreate *thy mind,*
As glimmering Luna *in* Sols *absence shin'd.*

Persist, go on, and as thy Vertues *won,*
The Loyall Loue *of euery faithfull heart,*
So to the end, *thy course* (directly) *run,*
And winged Fame *shall from thee neuer start,*
But scale the Cloudes *and mount the lofty* Skyes,
To sound *thy* worth *as farre as* India *lyes.*

Your Highnesse in all humblenesse,

Thomas Peyton.

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE, *FRANCIS* Lord *Verulam*, Lord Chancelor of *England*.

MOst Honor'd Lord,
within whose *reuerend* face,
Truth, *Mercy*, *Iustice*, *Loue* and *all* combine,
Heauens deerest Daughters of *Iehouahs* Race,
Seeme *all* at full within thy *Browes* to shine,
The *King* himselefe (T'immortalize thy *fame*)
Hath in thy *Name* Foretiped out the same.

Great *Verulam*, my *Soule* hath much admirde,
Thy *Courtly* carriage in each *comely* part,
Worth, *Merrit*, *Grace*, when what the *land* desirde,
Is powr'd vpon thee as thy *iust* desart,
Graue liberall *mind* contending with the rest,
To seate them *all* in thy *Iuditious* brest.

Thrice noble Lord, how dost thou prize of gold,
Wealth, *Treasures Mony* and such *Earthly* cash?
For none of them thou hast thy *Iustice* sold,
But held them *all* as base (infected) trash
To *snare*, *allure*, out from a *dunghill* wrought,
The *seared* conscience of each muddy thought.

Weigh but my *cauſe*, referre me not to thoſe,
That from the firſt were partiall in my right,
Ah this is more then once thine *Honour* knowes,
Thou ſeeſt mine *owne* hath now *vndone* me quight,
Whilſt by a *trick* they got me in their *paw*,
Againſt the *Order* of thy *Court* and *Law*.

If I were ſuch as *ſome* would haue thee thinke,
I meane my *Foes* which vtterly *defame*,
Mine *Innocence* and *all* together *linke*
To wound my *ſtate*, and blemiſh much my *name*:
Yet *Iuſtice* wils, what in their *hands* hath laine,
Thus to my *loſſe* ſhould be *reſtord* againe.

Ah, deereſt Lord, hold but the *Soules* vpright,
Let *Court* nor *fauour* ouerſway my cauſe,
To preſſe me *more* then is beyond my *might*,
Is but their *Reach* to croſſe thy former *Lawes*,
Let me haue *Peace*, or that which is mine *owne*,
And thy *iuſt* worth ſhall o're the *world* be blowne.

Your Lordſhips in all humbleneſſe,

Thomas Peyton.

TO THE READER,

The Title described.

VNto the Wiſe, Religious, Learned, Graue,
Iudicious *Reader*, out this *Worke* I ſend,
The *tender* ſighted that *ſmall* knowledge haue,
Can *litle* looſe, but *much* their weakneſſe mend:
And *generous* ſpirits which from *heauen* are ſent,
May *Solace* here, and finde all *true* content.

A *Paradiſe* (preſented) to ech eye,
Within the *Vmnet* of the *Title* page,
Where *Iuſtice*, *Mercie*, *Nature*, *Loue*, do lye,
Before th' *Almightie* in the *firſt* found *Age*.
Time ſtands betwixt, and *Truth* his daughter beares
His *traine* behind, a *world* of *Aged* yeares.

Fierce *Nemeſis* ſhe mounts (within the Ayre)
On *Pegaſus*, that winged *Horſe* of *Fame*,
And by her ſide a *Sword* all naked bare,
Graue *Iuſtice* ſits, a (*ſable*) lowring *Dame*,
Vnder her *feete* the *worlds* moſt ſpatious *Globe*,
And weighs mens *Actions* in a ſcarlet *Robe*.

This may *denote* the goodly glorious worth,
The pretious *Value*, Maieſtie and Grace,
Of all the *Siſters* (Glory of this *Earth*)
Gods deereſt *daughters* in their ſeuerall place,

Aboue the *world*, *heauens crowne* their browes adorne,
To ſhew (at *full*) how they do (*bribing*) ſcorne.

Peruſe it *well* for in the *ſame* may lurke,
More (*obſcure*) matter in a *deeper* ſence,
To ſet the *beſt* and *learned* wits on worke,
Then hath as yet in many *Age*: ſince,
Within ſo *ſmall* a little *Volumne* beene,
Or on the ſudden can be *found* and ſeene,

Urania (deere) attired in her *ſilke*,
To *draw* thee on with more attentiue heede,
The *weaker* ſort ſhe ſometime *feedes* with *milke*,
All *guiltie* mens damn'd *vices* vp to weede:
Th'enuious *Momes* that her *chaſte Muſe* doth tùch,
She hopes to *mend*, but *cares* not for them much.

Thine to his power,

Tho. Peyton.



Beati Pacifici.

THE GLASSE OF TIME, IN THE FIRST AGE.

The Argument.

The Author first, doth Gods assistance craue,
Throughout the worke that he his helpe may haue;
The sacred Sabbaoth, Sathans enuious gall,
The Woman fram'd, and Mans most dismall fall;
The Tree of Life protected from the Brute,
The Tree of Knowledge with her fatall Fruit:
For feare the World should finally be ended,
Gods deerest Daughters downe in hast descended,
The flaming Sword the Tree of Life which garded,
The Cherubins vpon the walls that warded.
The Land of Eden *is discrib'd at large,*
Heauens iudgement iust to all mens future charge.

SInce true examples in Gods holy Booke,
Are found of those that in it loue to looke,
Of men whose Image, portraiture and soule,
Haue beene transform'd to monstrous shapes and foule.

Gen. 19, 26 According as their liues haue pleasing beene,
To him whose sight their secret thoughts hath seene,
Dan. 4. 30 And as his goodnesse sacred is that some,
Should be examples for these times to come:
His Church to comfort, Pagans to appall,
To teach to vs what did to them befall;
Rom. 15 4 Within the stories of the new and old,
Of many more then can by me be told.

And since that *Ouid* in a pleasing verse,
Doth pretty Tales and Metaphors rehearse,
Of men to birds, and then againe to beasts,
To make you parly at your welcome feasts:
Whose fabled fictions warbled in that age,
The infancy and sacred pupill-age
Of the Religion which we heare maintaine,
Vnder our Soueraignes thrice most happy raigne;
May seeme from *Moses* and the rest diuine,
In's Metaphors to trace them line by line;
In some I meane, and not in all his worke,
For pleasant folly couch't, therein may lurke,
Yet the allusion, and the meaning sure,
May reference haue vnto the Scripture pure,
And though it shines as *Tytans* westerne rayes,
By some 'tis held but wanton in our dayes.

But most of all the ripenesse of these times,
The heauenly works vp to the clouds that climes:
The enuious eye which ouerlookes our deeds,
When each mans taste on sundry dishes feedes:

The snarling cur at euery thing that bites:
The slandring Mome which no good worke endites:
The monster curst with his vile forked tongue,
That from Hels vault vp to the earth first sprung,
With *Hidra*-heads, and *Ianus* double face,
To fawne before, then wound to our disgrace:
Hath made my Muse vnwilling heere to sing,
As loath her selfe vpon the stage to bring
To each mans view, and her owne painefull toyle,
But that the sight may many vices spoyle.

When sin we see vnmasked brought to light,
And damn'd offences naked to our sight:
Like *Iezabel* that did the Clouds aspire, 1.Kin.4.18,19
In rusling silks and glorious braue atire, Chap.19.2
Vnder a holy outward forme and rite, Cha.21.10,23
Gods chosen flock are fleec't and murthered quite,
But once vnmask't, the Minions of her court
Hurle her i'th durt, pash out her braines in sport:
And as a foule mishapen painted monster, 2.Kin 9.36,33
Conceit of her as all the world doth conster: 35,37.
Then is she seene disrob'd, disrank't of all,
The map of folly in her sudden fall,
Her cup with poyson, damned Enuy fills,
Her cursed eyes haue seene those seuen built hills,
Where all the Saints, Apostles, Martyrs stood,
With crimson colours all imbru'd in bloud.

O glorious God inspiror of my Muse,
Grant that thy Word my soule may dayly vse,
And that what learning painefully it got,
Still from the truth may neuer swerue a iot.

That in her ſpring, beginning, and her bud,
May ſing thy glory to the Churches good,
And in foule folly none aſleepe I rock,
Nor giue offence to any of thy flock:
But that my ſpeech as generall to all,
May like a Sermon in the Pulpit fall:
And not to wade in curious queſtions deepe,
But feede thy flock, and edifie thy ſheepe,
That none at all may haue a iuſt excuſe,
By ſuch examples as I ſhall produce.
And all thàt ſee their faults, their liues may mend,
That to thy glory I this Worke may end.

Then ſhall the world with admiration ſee,
Her face vnmask't to all eternitee;
The famous actions heeretofore lay dead,
Shall then be rouz'd out from obliuions bed.
And all the nobleſt kingdoms euer knowne,
Will be reuiu'd, within my verſe be ſhowne,
Their manners, cuſtomes, nature and their ſtate,
Their end, beginning, fortune and their fate,
From *Adam* firſt throughout ineuery age,
Shall heere be muſtred on this publike Stage,
In Rurall Robes to giue the earth content,
How heeretofore the ages paſt weee ſpent.

O that my Muſe might once but reſt in peace,
Then would ſhe ſing diuinely, neuer ceaſe,
But worke out Truth within her holy Rimes,
Glyding along deſcending to our times,
And deare *Vrania* Soueraigne of my verſe,
Should heere the glory of this world rehearſe,

Vnfoulding ſtill to Gods immortall glory,
The heauenly ſweetenesſe of a ſacred ſtory.

What may we thinke of all the iudgements iuſt,
Of great *Iehouah* buried in the duſt;
Beſide all thoſe in holy Scriptures pend,
Which humane wit as yet could neuer mend;
Nor all the *Rabbies* in their learned fame;
Could euer tell how to correct the ſame:
Shall we go on, and ſtill be bold to thinke,
Hee'le puniſh them, and on vs alwayes winke;
For ſome of them the earth it ſelfe did gape,
How can we know that we are ſure to ſcape,
The Angels which againſt the Lord did ſwell,
He quite caſheer'd, and caſt them downe to hell:
Where being bound eternally in chaines,
They feele the torments of ten thouſand paines,
Farre more then can expreſſed be in inke,
And all the world, and ſinfull man can thinke.

Adam what made thee, wilfully at firſt,
To leaue thy of-ſpring, to this day accurſt;
So wicked, foule, and ouergrowne with Sinne;
And in thy perſon all of it beginne?
That hadſt thou ſtood in Innocenie fram'd,
Death, Sin, and Hell, the world and all thou hadſt tam'd.
Then hadſt thou beene a Monarch from thy birth;
Gods onely Darling both in heauen and earth:
The world and all at thy command to bend,
And all heauens creatures on thee t'attend.
The ſweeteſt life that euer man could liue;
What couldſt thou aske but God to thee did giue?
Protected kept thee like a faithfull Warden,
As thy companion in that pleaſant Garden.

No canckred mallice once thy heart did moue:
Free-will thou hadſt endude from him aboue:
What couldſt thou wiſh, all worlds content and more?
The beſt Diuine that ere the Earth yet bore,
Gods onely Sonne, the Prince of Peace except,
For thy ſad fall how oft mine eyes haue wept.

Alas weake man, hadſt thou in honour ſtood
How heauenly bleſt, thrice happy beene thy blood?
And all thy aged iſſue to this day
Had liu'd ſecure, as in the Month of May.
What need had we, that any ſhould haue dy'd
Vpon the Croſſe, our ſinfull ſoules reuiu'd?
And that *Meſſias*, God himſelfe the Son,
Should here deſcend to put our nature on,
To liue deiected, poore, contemn'd, forlorn'd,
Derided, beate, toſt vpſide downe and ſcorn'd.
And more, to beare for this thy wofull fall,
Then euer man which liu'd vpon this ball.
Curſt be that Diuell that firſt thy ſence bely'd;
If thou hadſt liu'd, then we had neuer dy'd.
Oh God! to purchaſe with that bloody coſt,
Our ſoules redeem'd when they were fully loſt.
Here is a loue which farre ſurmounts the skies,
My ſences rapts, and dazles both mine eyes.

But tell me *Adam*, what might be the cauſe
That thou ſhouldſt breake thy holy Makers lawes.
When of a thouſand which might make vs weepe,
In all the world thou hadſt but one to keepe,
And that but light? Alas couldſt thou not ſee,
But touch and taſte that one forbidden tree,

Which

Which in the midſt of all the garden grew,
An ill knowne tree to make thy ofspring rew?
What pleaſant taſt or reliſh had the ſame?
How were thy ſenſes dim'd and much to blame,
That had the Garden ſole at thy comman d,
And all the fruits within thy ſight to ſtand:
Farre better, pure, more daintier euery way,
Then ſuch an Apple painted like a gay:
Fit for a woman, or ſome lickoriſh foole,
A ſilly child, or one that goes to ſchoole.

Thy wilfull, foule, abſurd, and groſſe abuſe,
Againſt thy God, admits no iuſt excuſe,
Tis not the loſſe of one poore Apple miſt,
That thou didſt grapple in thy ſinfull fiſt,
Could be the cauſe his anger to procure,
Fierce heauy wrath eternall to endure.
It was not that he did ſo much reſpect,
But thy foule error, wilfull, bad neglect:
Contempt of Him, rebellion, treaſon, pride;
And all the ſinnes within the world beſide,
That linked were within thy fault at firſt,
Chain'd to thy Act, and in thy folly nurſt.

What may we think e of that ambitious Pope,
Which dar'd to ſcoffe vnder heauens glorious Cope,
Againſt that God, that in his ſacred frowne
Turns vp his heeles, and hurles his pride ſoone downe?
When hauing miſt a ſimple childiſh toy,
A Peacocke bird which ſeem'd his onely ioy.
Diſtempered much began in heate to chide,
That few men could his holy preſence bide.
And afterward aſham'd of what was paſt,
To ſhew his choller not long time did laſt;

Ex-

Excuſde himſelfe, that he might angry be,
As well for that, as wasthe Trinitie.
When diſcontented for an Apple loſt,
Both *Eue* and *Adam* to their paine and coſt,
From Paradiſe were thruſt quite out and beaten,
And much diſgrac't for one poore Apple eaten.

Now tell me *Rome*, that thinkſt thy ſelfe the minion,
Chriſts onely Vicar in thine owne opinion?
And ſhouldſt his ſheepe ſtill to this day haue fed:
Where was thy Church when *Iulius* was thy head?
Thy Papacy I may not here diſpute,
As yet my tongue muſt ofthat thing be mute.

And backe to *Adam* whence I laſt digreſt,
Too fortunate my Muſe had beene and bleſt,
Had it but ſung thy firſt eſtate and all,
And neuer knowne the horror ofthy fall.
A greater loue on man was neuer ſhowne,
Nor on the earth as yet was euer knowne,
Then all the world to be at thy command,
Still to this day to ſerue thy turne and ſtand:
All that againe, for this he did require,
To keepe the Garden that was his deſire.
At other times to his immortall fame,
That thou ſhouldſt praiſe his glorious holy Name.

Here was thy calling (*Adam*) naught; beſide,
His owne example muſt thy actions guide.
Sixe dayes to worke, to till that holy ground;
And in the ſeuenth, thy Makers prayſes ſound.
For as at firſt, thou waſt a body framde;
So time and place himſelfe he hath ordainde,

Deſign'd

Design'd, appointed for his seruice pure,
Not for a day, but euer to endure.
By this thou know'st that he thy person blest,
To giue thee then his holy sacred Rest,
And sanctifie the Sabaoth to thy good;
Aye to be kept in all thy future blood.
Those that refuse to keepe his Sabaoth holy,
Gods owne example may conuince of folly.

But soft, I heare some *Laodicean* make,
Euen *Sinon* like, the ground of all to shake.
To stay my pen with such a question strange,
As first from *Rome*, now ore the world doth range.
How God could Rest, which neuer wrought as yet,
For he that workes, his labour must be great
To frame a matter of so huge a worth,
As is the Fabrike of the spatious Earth,
The Sea and Heauens, the Firmaments and all,
Which euer yet within thy sight could fall.

Reu. 3.
sinon inuenter of the horse of Troy.

Oh righteous God that sinfull man should make,
Within his mouth thy holy word to take:
And by the same thy sacred actions taxe,
To wring them now like to a Nose of Waxe.
Too make a doubt and question of that Rest,
Which to the world for euer thou hast blest.

simile.

Tis true, I know when God first fram'd the world,
The waters all within their limits curl'd,
The firmaments and euery liuing thing,
Out from the dust he then did *Adam* bring:
Made him a man, a demi-God in byrth,
Plac't him his Vice-roy here vpon the earth.

And by his power all ſacred and diuine,
So fram'd the world as if he had wrought by line,
Set all in order working in their time,
Like to the wheeles within a clocke or chime,
To ſerue the turne of *Adam* and his race,
And all theſe made but full in ſixe dayes ſpace.

Then did he reſt and ſate him downe to view,
And to the heauens vp againe he flew:
And from the worke which by his word he wrought,
In ſixe dayes ſpace, and ſeeing none was nought,
But from creating any further matter,
He onely ceaſt, and leaſt the ſame might ſcatter,
And ſo returne to what it was at firſt,
His prouidence his works hath euer nurſt:
Aye by his power, his wiſedome, and his might,
The heauens and earth are gouerned aright.
He worketh ſtill preſeruing what was made,
Far more then can by any man be ſayd:
His armes ſupporting all this weighty ball,
Elſe would the ſame diſſolue againe and fall.

O God, thy Reſt hath euer bin admired,
Seene of thy Saints, and of my ſoule deſired!
The Pagan people to this day that ſlept
Exod. 16, 23. 26. In ignorance, haue yet a Sabaoth kept.
The Iew at firſt with Manna wondrous fed,
Num. 15. 32. Eze. 20, 13. 20, 24. His Sabaoth kept by thy example led:
Though now in error great he ſnores and ſleeps,
The Saterday his Sabaoth ſtill he keepes.

No Chriſtian ſtate is ſo vnciuill rude,
But keeps thy Reſt as thou haſt him endude:

With

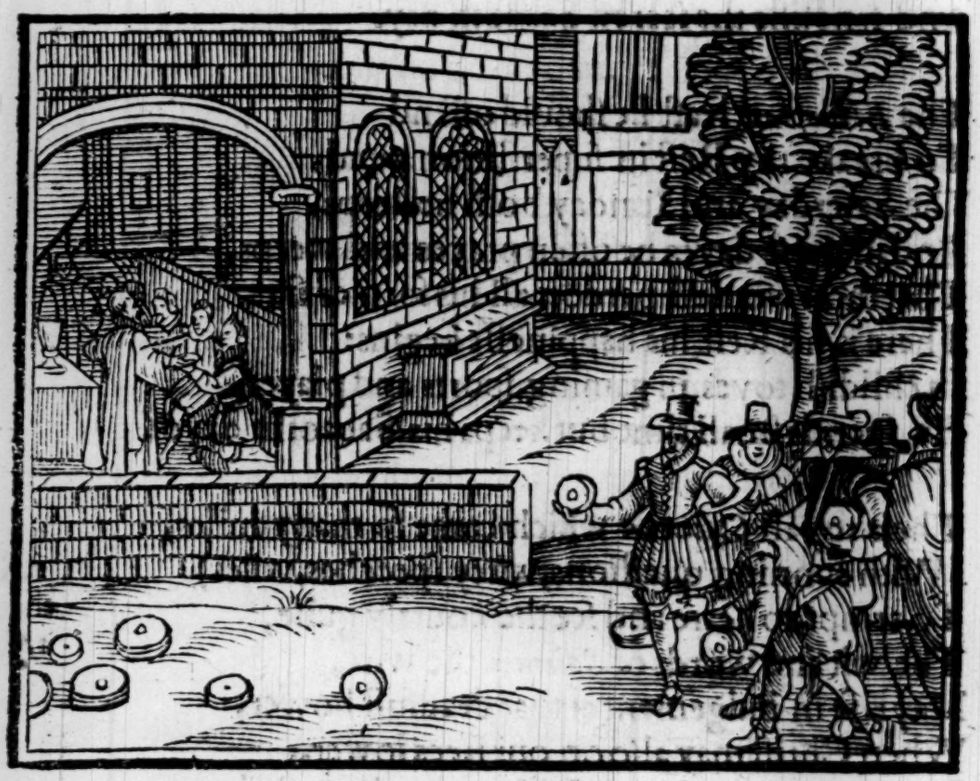
With grace and goodnesse from the Prince of peace,
The Sunday he from all worlds works doth cease,
Lead thereunto by that all rising Son,
On Easter day, that rose againe and won
The eternall crowne in Paradise first lost,
A bloody prize to his great paine and cost.
Besides the examples of thy deerest Saints,
Thine institution and the holy plaints,
Of all th' Apostles, famous men and Martyrs,
In all the world within her vtmost quarters:
Which euer vsde to preach thy word and pray,
And sanctifie the sacred Sabaoth day.

The *Ethiopian*, least he should offend
To breake thy Rest in superstition pend,
The Saterday and Sunday both he keeps,
And in those dayes he often prayes and weeps,
That thou wouldst pardon all his former sins,
There is his Rest, his happinesse begins:
In childish toyes, in gaming, sports and playes,
He spends small time but keeps his Sabaoths dayes.

Their royall Queene which came so many miles,
(With cunning questions, witty speeches, wiles) 1. Kin. 10. 1. to the 11.
To tempt, to heare and see the courtly guise, 2. Chr. 9. 1.
The wit and words of *Solomon* the wise,
May rise in iudgement at that dradfull hower,
When Christ may also on our faces lower,
That more respect our pleasures worke and play,
Then him to serue vpon his sacred day.

What shall we thinke when Christ the Lord of life,
Which shed his bloud to end our mortall strife? Luk. 11. 31.

Shall ſpeake theſe words out of his holy lips,
And not a word as yet that euer ſlips:
But ſtill hath beene moſt weighty powerfull round,
One iot thereof hath neuer fell to th'ground.
When he himſelfe ſhall thus picke out their Prince,
To warne vs all our follyes to conuince,
May we not thinke aſwell he meant her land,
Now at this day as it is knowne to ſtand,
Shall likewiſe riſe at his laſt trumpe and call,
To ſtaine our liues and ſhame our actions all.



Father of Lights, which dwelleſt in a Light,
That farre exceeds our Owely bleared ſight:
What will become of all our learned wit,
When Ieſus Chriſt at thy right hand ſhall ſit,

To

To make our peace and ſtep twixt thee and vs,
And we in *Vice* to run our courſe on thus,
To anger thee ſo good and iuſt a God,
Not once afrayd of thy reuenging Rod:
But in the day that thou didſt early riſe,
Of death and hell to get th'immortall prize,
In which we were partakers of thy blood
And body both vnto our ſoueraigne good.
And when we ſhould repent vs of our ſins,
By true contrition, which thy mercy wins:
Engrafted made the members of that head,
Whoſe precious bloud our ſoules but then hath fed,
Relieue the poore, examine well our fall,
In meditation ſpend the day and all,
And when we ſhould thy ſacred prayſes ſing,
To make thy people all the while to ring,
Whilſt we at Bowles ſhall ſometimes curſe and fret,
And all for threepence which we cannot get,
And ſhall maintaine our ſinfull deedes in Churches,
And run our ſelues to gather vp the Lurches:
Thoſe that behold vs with repentant eyes,
We call them fooles and Puritants preciſe;
And when the beſt our companie do ſhun,
Home to their houſe we ſend for them and run.

Pardon vs Lord, forgiue our great miſdeedes,
Cull out thy Wheate, and pluck out all the weedes,
Which wrong thy people by their ill example,
The truth neglect in vgly vice to trample:
Though our Religion we may ſeeme to halue,
Like to the Iewes which made the golden calue: ſimile.
In *Aarons* time, and on their holy day, Exod. 32. 4, 5, 6, 10.
Did eate and drinke, and roſe againe to play,

If these men by their rude vnciuill sport,
Thy Maiesty did anger in such sort,
That had not *Moses* knowing of their fall,
In zeale besought them they had perish't all,
His great desire thy fury could not stay,
But that three thousand fell within one day,
Their guerdon iust no liuing man can tell,
But very like they had gone downe to hell,
All quick aliue amongst the damned bad,
Num. 16. 32. The punishment which after *Korah* had,

scal. & li. 5. We see (alas) both grace and goodnesse lurkes,
Within the hearts of fierce and crewell Turkes,
Of Sarazens and Pagan people rude,
Which with thy truth were neuer yet indude,
Before such time as their seducer nurst,
By *Sergius* helpe most dangerously at first,
A bancfull poyson to infect their bloud,
O'reflowes the earth much like to *Noahs* floud:
Yet these alone by thy example led,
Or by the light of Nature in them bred,
Haue euer kept the Fryday in that worth,
Long time before the most vntimely birth,
Of *Mahomet* that Antechrist indeede,
Who found it so and left it to their seede.

Besides a world of other people more,
That heere I could produce in ample store,
Which euer kept a holy resting day,
Abstayning then from all rude workes and play,
The Indian people haue a rest alow'd,
Ind. Hist. gasp. Balb. guin. dis. exp. Ed. scot. And those of *Iaua* tha t to Idols bowd,
The *Negro* black and rich *Peguan* left,
Haue each of them a seuerall Sabaoth kept,

The

The sacred Sibils, with their frantike mother,
Haue still prefer'd one day before another.

We haue great God that which these neuer knew,
Thine owne example and the scriptures true,
Thy all diuine and holy morrall law, Ex. 20. 8, 9. 10
Which these as yet haue neuer heard or saw, Cha. 31. 14, 15
Ingrost in *Sinah* writ twice by thy hand, Cha. 34. 1. 21.
To shew the same for euermore should stand.
Both in the Law and in the Gospells light,
To come to Church and praise thy name aright,
Els how should we thy glorious worth extoll,
But like to Swine liue all at home and loll:
And neuer thinke how thou at first didst take,
A little earth and so our bodyes make,
Our soules infuse in Paradise vs plaste
Till for our sins we soone from thence were cast,
'Gau'st vs this world Christ Iesus sent besides,
Which wrought our life out from his bleeding sides.

But soft I heere that some vpon this clause,
Haue ventur'd farre to abbrogate the lawes,
The holy rest a Iewish Sabaoth call,
Haue vs liue free, tide to no law at all:
But then (alas) what would become of vs,
That sift Gods actions, tempt his highnesse thus,
Of all the lawes that to the Iewes he gaue,
But ten of them in all the world we haue,
And those reduc'st for feare they may be lost,
May be compil'd but into two at most:
These farre more weighty ponderous then the rest,
Were by his glorious sacred mouth expresst,
And Christ himselfe that death and hell did tame,
Hath not abolish't but confirm'd the same;

Else

Else what meant he when oftentimes he said,
The heauens and earth, the sea and all shall fade,
Before such time that Gods eternall Word,
One iot or tittle shall thereof be stird,
Did this his coming breede a doubt and flaw,
Still to destroy, and not fullfill the law?
Haue not the Prophets told long since before,
Of this our Sabaoth which we now adore?

Tis true that some euen in our christian Law,
Which haue the arts and learned Muses saw,
Yet haue alledg'd as their assertion,
Vpon this place anticipation,
Affirming *Moses* when those words were writ,
In *Genesis* and still are extant yet,
Gen. 2. 3. Then knew the rest and Sabaoth of the Iewes,
But this to me seemes rather vncouth newes:
For can we thinke that *Moses* did intend,
When first of all that *Genesis* was pend,
These should forgoe and be incerted best,
As an introduction to the Sabaoths rest,
That the command cannot be firme and strong,
Vnlesse these words did guide it all along,
Vpon this place still trained vp and nurst,
As grounding it on Gods example first.

What can they say to all the ancient men,
The Patriarkes and holy fathers then,
Before the law which liued long and blest,
Yet euer kept a sacred seemely rest,
To serue their God to giue him thanks and pray,
That late preseru'd them from that lowring day,

In

In which the world and all therein was found,
Beſides the Arke were waſht away and droun'd.

And to the Iewes that were with Manna fed,
Ouer the mountaines forty yeeres were led:
Which in the *Arabian* vaſty deſarts weare,
Tipe of our Church that God himſelfe did reare,
Out of affliction, hunger, heate and cold,
O're hils and dales and higheſt mountaines rold,
Vntill at length with wandring hither, thither,
Like ſheepe diſpearſt fould all at laſt together.

When oft they murmur'd, much repin'd and grieu'd,
Vntill their God their bodies had releeu'd,
By ſending Quailes more thick then any haile,
Vpon their fields quite ouer hill and dale:
And ſhowring downe a pearely dew at neede,
In ſhew much like to *Coriander* ſeede,
Sixe dayes together did this Manna fall,
And in the ſeauenth was ſent them none at all:
But in the day before the Sabaoths Reſt,
Full twice ſo much as other dayes at leaſt,
They gathred vp, and till the morrow kept,
In which they eat, and prayd to God (and wept)
To pardon thoſe which on that ſacred day
Durſt ſeeke the fields to finde the ſame and play.

But yet admit the holy Law be paſt,
And that in Chriſt the ſame away be waſht:
Yet the Apoſtles inſtituted ſure,
A ſacred day, a holy Reſt and pure:
The Church of God they planted well and watred,
And but the day they onely chang'd and altred,

In which the flocke they traind along and fed them,
As God aboue in's holy Spirit led them.
And euer sinee the Christians kept that day,
To heare the word, to come to Church and pray:
For God is good, and wilbe mockt of none,
His glorious face the Saints behold alone.

Paul the Apostle that was after cald,
1. Cor. 16.12. When Iesus Christ was in th'heauens instald:
Heb. 4.9. Both with the word and holy Spirit annointed,
The Christian Sabaoth in Gods Church appointed:
To meete together, heare his voyce diuine,
The Scriptures search, to trace them line by line;
To preach and pray, to lay vp for the poore,
For all the Saints to open wide the doore.

Ioh. 21.7.20. 23. That sweete Disciple whom the Lord of life
More dearely loued, then any faithfull wife
(Which euer yet vpon the earth was bred)
Could seeme to shew vnto her spouse and head.
The last of all more louing then the rest,
Which lean'd at supper vpon Christ his brest,
And stayd behind his holy Church to guide:
His fellowes thought he should haue neuer dide.

Vit. Sanct. When by *Domitians* spightfull cruell word,
Ore all the world hot persecution stir'd:
Though often times before he had scap'd the pawes,
Of barbarous Tyrants, and their cursed Lawes.
Liu'd still secure, as not afraid of fire,
Sword, famine, murder, in their diuelliſh ire.
Yet at the length, at his most damn'd command,
Againe he's caught, subiected to their hand;

And

And in a Tun of hot and scalding Oyle,
He hurles his body ore the fire to boyle.
But seeing that could do no good at all,
Worse then a Diuell, most treacherously doth fall
To stratagems, inhumane actions vile,
To banish him in *Pathmos* wandring Ile,
Mongst sauage beasts which lurke in euery bowre,
With open mouth his body to deuoure.

Where solitary in that vnked place,
Christ Iesus shewd his glorious burnisht face, Reu. 1. 9. 10. 11. 13. 14.
Whose feete like Brasse, and eyes as flames of fire;
Rauisht *Iohns* spirit, made his soule admire
To see the Lord, which for our sins late dy'd.
His Christian Sabaoth from the Iewes diuide,
By that all powerfull sharpe two edged sword,
His glorious holy milde Maiesticke word:
His owne example to th'Apostles all,
That on this day was euer seene to call,
To come amongst them, and to shew his face,
To distribute his goodnes and his grace.
This great Apostle to heauens potent Prince,
The Lords day he hath cald it euer since.

Tis writ i'th'Hebrews if the law be ceast,
That to Gods people there remaines a Rest, Heb. 4 9.
From sin to cease his holy name to praise,
Together flocke, our meditations raise
Aboue the clouds, to that commanding king,
Which out of darknes did our sences bring.
Disperst the Truth, and by his sacred might
Plac'd all our thoughts w'thin the Gospels light.

O let it neuer sinke within my brest,
That to Gods people should remaine no Rest:
But toyle and trauell painfull worke alway,
And Hoddy Loddy, Topsie Turuy play.

Tis true they say, that *Constantine* the Great,
First Emperour of all the Christian Seate:
First Nicene Counsell. A learned, wise, religious Councell cald,
Himselfe amongst them in his Robes installd,
An Order set, abuses foule corrected:
Reform'd the Church which Arrians infected.
Establisht Peace, ador'd the Royall Law;
Iam. 2. 8. Made Penalties to keepe them more in awe.
And by his power as head of all the Earth,
Christs gouernment was now but in her birth:
According to the word and Scriptures pure,
Confirm'd our Sabaoth euer to endure.

In euery Age since first the world was made,
God shew'd his iudgements on those men which wade
Beyond the Truth, prophanely still deuise
To breake his Rest, and publish wicked lies.

As for example, though I could produce
A multitude, that none might plead excuse
(Before his Iustice) at that dreadfull barre,
For leading others in a maze so farre.
And yet of them, but three in all Ile cite,
As fitting to the times wherein I write:
To shew how God hath euer hated, curst,
The very place that Sabaoth breakers nurst.

Exod. 13. 16. The ancient Iewes which in *Arabia* walked
Before the Law, when God with *Moses* talked,

And

And bad him warne the people all, that none
Should dare to gather (euery one alone)
More then a Omer of that blessed food
Which fell from heauen vnto their soueraigne good.
And in the day before the Sabaoths rest,
Two Omers full (as is before exprest)
Should then be gathered, rosted, bak'd and sod,
But in the rest minde nothing else but God.

How hath that food releeu'd the lingring mind,
Of those his people, whom true loue did bind
In awfull feare, diuinely wondrous fed,
And onely in the light of nature led?
Those which abusde his sacred Rest and grace,
How did it then infect the aire and place
With putrifaction, loathsome, deadly, ranke,
In noysome manner ore the earth it stanke,
Vntill such time that God aboue did please,
To cleare the aire and send them better ease:
Causde all that was so lewd prophanely got,
To wast, dissolue, consume away and rot.

The next example, of his iudgements great,
Was in those daies that Babylon did beate
The chosen people, and the holy Nation,
With such a scourge, as since the worlds foundation,
Was neuer heard as yet in any land;
To feele the weight of his most heauy hand:
For prophanation of his sacred Day,
In carrying burdens, toyling worke, and play
In reuell rout, and such phantasticke sport;
Eu'n from the greater to the meaner sort.
All run from Church to damn'd offences foule,
Neglecting still the danger of their soule-

Ier. 17:21. to the last.

But God aboue although he often mand,
Their choſen Hoaſt by his victorious hand,
Brought them from *Ægypt* through the red ſeas waue:
When mighty Neptune fomes aloft and raues:
And in deſpight of enuious Fortunes fate,
Great powerfull riuals and their deadly hate,
Led them at length with al their ventrous hoaſt,
And plaſt their feete vpon the promiſt coaſt.
Yet for their foule abuſing of his reſt,
In all thoſe things which are aboue expreſt,
Ier. 52. 67 He ſends the Plague, pale Famine, Sword and Fire,
Fowre furious foes to execute his Ire,
Raz'd downe their walls their temple deſolated,
Their City ſack't and Land depopulated:
That for the ſpace of threeſcore yeeres and ten,
It lay vntild, and had her reſt as then.

O holy God, was euer thing more plaine
2. Chr. 36. 21 Then theſe thy iudgements on thy flock againe,
Vpon thy land? what ſtony heart but feares,
To giue them now a Sabbaoth iuſt of yeares,
For all their foule abuſes, wicked, lewd,
As in my worke ſhall more at large be ſhew'd.

The third example of his wrathfull frowne,
Was lately ſhew'd vpon *Geneua* towne:
R. Iohnſon The Imperiall goodly Chriſtian City chaſt,
Within the Duke of *Sauoyes* country plaſt,
Whoſe people wiſe, religious, ſober, true,
Not giuen to wine with drunken *Bacchus* crue:
Nor to thoſe foule abuſes which abounds,
Within our land, and ore the earth now ſounds;
But euer beene of ciuill chaſt behauiour-
Neate in attire, and of a comely fauour:

So

Soe decent in the actions which they wrought,
That euery man which saw their citty thought,
Ierusalem before it was abated,
Had beene deuinely to that place translated.

And yet these men which haue the rest outstript,
In one thing still themselues haue ouerslipt,
Vpon Gods rest, his sacred Sabbaoth Day,
To shoote in Guns about the fields and play;
Vntill a custome in a lawfull pleasure,
Vpon that day grew far beyond all measure:
So that their Churchmen, reuerent Preachers graue,
Let them alone careless their soules to saue.

But God aboue to shew his anger iust,
Vpon these people for their lawlesse lust,
In violating of his sacred rest,
A fury sent their country to molest:
Fierce horrid warre now thunders on their land,
The Pope, the Spaniard, and the French King stand,
All link't alike, to vndermine her wall,
Expecting thus a conquest by her fall.

Alas (*Geneua*) how art thou beset,
With three such foes as in *Europa* yet,
Were neuer knowne so strongly to combine,
To sack a towne, extracted from their line?
What can thy shooting in those Guns auaile,
If God forsakes thee, how thy foes preuaile?
Weakens thy strength, abateth much thy store,
Mewes vp thy Campe, and makes thee extreame poore,
Ransackes thy Country all thy land belurches,
And brings thee now to be relieu'd in Churches.

Iust in the midst of all the garden faire,
Thou singlest forth, the happy blessed paire.

And watching *Time*, when *Adam* stept aside,
Euen but a little from his louely Bride,
To pluck perhaps a Nut vpon the Trees,
Or get a combe amongst the hony Bees:
Or some such thing to giue his welcome Spouse,
Euen iust to *Eue* thou dost thy body rouse,
And questions with her, of much idle prattle,
As women they delight to talke and tattle,
What they may not, and what it is they eate,
And what is best, within that pleasing seate,
What Tree it is that was to them forbidden,
They dare not eate, for feare they may be chidden.

Then *Eue* againe, which thought no hurt at all,
Or once suspect the venome of thy gall,
As a kind woman full of pleasing loue,
Told thee indeede that God in heauen aboue,
Had licenst them to eate of euery Tree,
Beast fish and foule, with all that they can see,
Within the compasse of the spacious aire,
And that were liuing in the garden faire:
Only the tree that was before their eyes,
They might not touch and taste in any wise,
For in the day that they thereof should eate,
Their God in Heauen would both their bodies beate,
Plague them with paine, and punishment extreame,
Subiect to Sickenesse, Choller, Pangs, and Phleame,
Casheire them both out of that louely place,
To dye a death in miserable case.

But thou againe that euer didst deuise,
In nothing else but execrable lies,

Straight

Straight told the woman that they need not feare,
To eate the fruite that pleasant tree did beare:
For in the day that they should thereof eate,
The Gods themselues they would indeed defeate.
Attaine much knowledge, farre aboue mans reach,
And all the Gods in many things would teach.
To thinke of death they need not feare at all,
For why, their eyes should opened be withall:
The goodly fruite would breed this wondrous ods,
Neuer to die, but euer liue as Gods.

O curſed, damned, execrable Diuell,
Delighting beſt in that thing which is euill!
What made thee now thy banefull ſpeech to blow,
Out of that canckred venom'd mouth below?
Thus to entice by thy allurements working,
Within ſo ſlie an vgly creature lurking.
That *Eue* muſt reach, and in her hand to grapple
So faire a fatall curſt bewitching Apple:
And not content herſelfe thereof to eate,
But reacht another as a daintie meate,
And in her ſweet delightfull louely hands,
Runs to her Lord, where all alone he ſtands
Plaining and grieuing that he her had miſt,
Takes her in's armes, and both together kiſt.

Then ſhe began (in ſmiling wanton ſort)
To ſhew that Apple, which before in ſport
She late had taken from that fatall tree,
The better now to make her eyes to ſee:
And in the hands of her beloued Lord
The ſame ſhe put, according to her word,
And milde perſwaſions, gentle ſpeeches plaine,
In hope much knowledge by the ſame to gaine.

The gawdy lookes and curious pleaſing ſight,
She takes the ſame and ſo of it doth bite.

Oh curſt, oh cruell, wofull, fearefull deed,
What haſt thou done now *Adam* to thy ſeed?
Baind all thy of-ſpring in thy folly nurſt,
And left them all ſtill to this day accurſt.
What canſt thou be euen at thy very beſt,
But little better then the vileſt beaſt?
How is thy ſight (which thought to pierce the skies)
Dazl'd and dimd oft times in both thine eyes,
Before thou canſt to fiftie yeares attaine,
Diſeaſes, Rhumes, do in the ſame remaine?
Out of thy head ſuch ſlimy ſtuffe doth fall,
That oftentimes thou canſt not ſee at all.
What hath thy knowledge purchaſt to thy race?
Thy nakedneſſe thou ſeeſt before thy face.
The thorny Brambles all thy skin beſchratches,
Now thou canſt tell to make a woman breaches.

How hath the fruite yet to this day amaz'd
The wandring minds of curious men that gaz'd,
So farre aboue the top of that ſame tree,
That ſtill the wood for trees they cannot ſee?
In euery corner of this ſpatious ball,
To name the tree that thus made *Adam* fall.

Alas, weake man; what can it do thee good
To know the tree that thus hath baind thy blood?
What can the ſight of that all diſmall fruite,
But diſcontent, and make thee much more bruite?
Thou ſeeſt the world in wandring ſtrange opinions,
And euery land within her owne dominions,

Still

Still to this day maintaining errours plaine,
To tell the fruite that thus themselues did baine.

The Iewes this day, that Cabalists are cald,
The highest Rabbies in their art instald:
They still affirme, and for a truth do tell,
That *Adams* sinne (when first from God he fell)
Was nothing but the sweet delicious wine,
Extracted from the sprawling crawling Vine,
That all *Eues* faults and foule offensiue skapes,
Was nothing but the wringing forth of grapes:
Within her hand vnto her husband deere,
That supt it vp in stead of wholesome beere,
The which no sooner had the braines assaild,
But that his wit and memory both faild:
His senses drown'd with such a sottish feast,
God comes himselfe and finds him like a beast.

Rich Epit. de Talmud.

The *Sarazens*, and all the *Turkes* this day,
From Mahomet in euery age do say,
The fruite that *Eue* and *Adam* both did eate,
Was but an Eare of perfect *Indian* Wheate,
Which *Adam* pluckt and rubd it in his hand,
Smiling on *Euah* that hard by did stand.
Two graines whereof he did vnto her giue,
Eate two himselfe to make him euer liue.
And that remaind which was but one in all,
Away he tooke out of the garden wall,
And farre in *India* where he rambled long,
The desert fields and sauage beasts among:
This as the cause (mayn obiect) of his shame,
He hid i'th'ground, and that brought forth the same.

Bosk. ara cœli: lib. 5. c. 4. & Alcaron.

The Southerne people, and the *Indian* Bold,
Do ſtill affirme and oftentimes haue told,
That neere to *Indus* and braue *Ganges* ſtreame,
Which yeeld all ſorts of excellent fiſh and breame:
Is to be ſeene a gallant tree this day,
Vnder whoſe ſhade a thouſand men may play.
The fruite thereof not very pleaſant pure,
But as it is, it will long time endure,
Much like to Oliues both in ſhape and taſte:
The *Indian* birds this famous figge doth waſte,
That on this tree doth grow the very meate,
And onely foode which *Eue* and *Adam* eate.

The antient Iew and *Arabian* borne,
They ſtill do thinke that *Adam* well might ſcorne
To taſte the fruite that growes on *Ganges* ſhore,
The which but late I told you of before,
And that more like and probable it is:
If that their iudgements do not erre amis,
The dainty tree that in their country growes,
And twice a yeare his pleaſant fruite that ſhowes,
Yeelding a fragrant and a louely ſent,
If but the ſame be either cruſht or rent:
A Cucumber much like it is in ſhew,
Of pleaſing taſt, and ſweet delightfull hew.
If with a knife the fruite in two you reaue,
A perfect croſſe you ſhall therein perceaue:
The ſpatious leaues are full a fadome long,
In breadth three ſpans, that I may do it wrong,
If in this place their errour I ſhould blame,
But much admire and wonder at the ſame,
By which the Chriſtians in thoſe parts that dwell,
Perſwaded are, and for a truth it tell:

That

That this indeed was that delitious fruite
Which *Eue* brought *Adam*: whose inticing suite,
The Opall colour and perfumed sent,
Made him do that which all of vs repent.

And other countryes in their rouing fits,
Their lofty, prowd, and high aspiring wits,
Haue labourd much vpon this point to write,
To shew the fruite that *Adam* ill did bite.
As though themselues in Paradise had beene,
And at the first the very tree had seene,
That bare this cursed euer dismall fruite,
Which make our soules still to this day to ruite:
Let them seeke still to find the same and mone,
Ile sit me downe and let them all alone.

And yet the place I must not thus forget,
Wherein at first our parents both were set:
Whose glorious worth and euer during fame, Gen. 28.
These rurall lines can but obscure the same.
Oh Paradise, where is thy louely seate?
Whilome so famous, wondrous, rich, and neate;
That all the stately buildings, curious things,
And goodly prospects, of the greatest kings:
The pompe and pleasures various decking rare,
In all the world cannot to thee compare.
The Lords of these haue still in euery age,
As carryed in their holy furious rage,
Aduentured forth with admiration, grace,
But to behold thy ancient sacred face,
And none of them as yet haue euer found,
Or came in sight of thy most heauenly ground:
Which farre in *Eden* in the orient lies,
Vnfit for man to see with sinfull eyes.

Papistes Bellermine: and others.

Some men there be which are perswaded plaine,
That reall place doth to this day remaine:
Where holy *Enoch*, deare *Elias* pure,
And *Iohn* the Saint, shall till doomes day endure,
In far more pleasures then can be expreſt,
Their bodies liuing with their soules at rest,
Transported safe within that sacred wall,
But in what climate of this spacious Ball,
The same should be, far in the aire haue gaz'd,
Their learning, knowledge, wits, and all amaz'd,

Esay. 7 3. Iulian Tzet ad Iuo pag. 100 Hier. com. in Eze. lib. 8

The goodly Region in the Sirian land,
Is thought the place wherein the same did stand,
Where rich Damascus at this day is built,
And *Habels* bloud by *Caine* was after spilt:
The wondrous beauty of whose fruitfull ground,
The great content which some therein haue found,
The sweete encrease of that delightfull soile,
Yeelding a world with little care and toile,
The dammaske Roses, and the fragrant flowers,
The louely fields, and pleasant arbour'd bowers,
And euery thing that in aboundance breede,
Haue made some thinke this was the place indeede,
Where God at first did on the earth abide,
With holy *Adam* and his louely Bride.

Barbasa,

And some there be that in the Orient waded,
Which to this day are certainely perswaded,
The goodly land that farre in *India* lies,
Whose rich renowne through all the world now flyes,
Vnder the Line and famous *Zeilan* call'd,
On euery side with mighty Neptune wal'd,
May be the place where first our Parents stai'd,
The earth it selfe with all heauens gifts arai'd.

Be-

Besides the treasures of that pleasant land, Linschotten
The fruitfull regions in the same which stand, An Corsali.
The goodly riuers and braue mounting hills,
Sweete temperate aire on euery side that fills,
The downy plaines with such a fragrant smell,
As winged fame vnto our eares doth tell:
The spicy Trees, and braue delightfull flowers,
The dainty walkes, and guilt aspiring towers,
And all things else that man can well desire,
Or discontent of nature may require:
Long life of dayes, plenty of cates and cheere,
All which sh: p ɔwers as on her daling deere,
Within her lap hath plaste a wonder strange,
For euery man which to that place shall range;
Perswading all that euer saw the same,
That *Eue* and *Adam* forth from thence first came.

Iust in the midst of this delicious land,
Within the center of the same doth stand
A lofty mount, whose top doth pierce the skies,
And round about on euery side there lies
The goodliest plaine which euer man beheld,
That foure foote deepe with water fresh is fild,
And eighteene miles in bredth the same is ouer,
Much like the Sea, from *Calis* strand to *Douer*. Simile.

Vpon the top of this admired hill, Maffeus. lib. 5.
Stands yet a Table fixed firmely still,
Of sollid stone that long time there hath beene,
In which the forme of *Adams* foote is seene,
The Mores beleeuing, that that stamp and print
Was first by him indented on the flint,
The mount it selfe Piramid like is built;
Vpon whose top are stately buildings guilt:

Plenty

Plenty of wealth, of rareſt iewels ſtore,
The height thereof full twenty miles and more,
The people all on euery ſide which dwell,
Haue ſtill affirm'd, and for a truth doe tell,
That this indeede was Paradiſe at firſt,
Whoſe fatall fruit made all of vs accurſt.

Vertoman lib. 3. Chap. 4

And to this day hath ſuperſtition led,
A world of Pilgrims, with blind errour fed,
By *Mahomet*, that antechriſtian beaſt,
Which Paradiſe plaſte in the radiant eaſt,
Whoſe fond conceits of this religious place,
Made ſome men come three thouſand miles apace:
With great deuotion, extreme labour, paine,
To waſh their ſins within this miry plaine,
Thinking the water in this vally lies,
Diſtil'd at firſt from *Eue* and *Adams* eyes;
When great with griefe, and far ſurcharg'd with teares,
They ſhed ſo much as all the ground heere beares:
In woe bewayling of their wilfull ſins,
The ioyfull end where true content begins.

From ſin firſt waſh't, then vp the hill they clime,
With labours great, in prayers ſpend their time,
And ſacrifize to *Mauors* God their fill,
Which plaſte their feete vpon this holy hill,
Though their miſtakings may be wail'd and blam'd,
Yet *Adams* hill, the lofty mount is nam'd.

And that which better may confirme their hope,
That this indeede vnder heauens ſtarry cope,
Of all the earth may be the likelieſt place,
Where *Adam* firſt receiu'd his great diſgrace:

Not

Not farre from hence is seene a flaming hill,
Of euery man cald *Balauanus* still,
Which sends forth smoake and hideous brands of fire,
Threatning the clowds and elements to tire:
Much like the sword the tree of life did guard,
As if with heauen the earth and all it ward.
This makes them thinke confirmes their fancies more
Then all the rest I told you of before.

But if in *India* on this famous mount,
Adam at first receiued his sacred count,
And so from thence his fruitfull spawne at last,
Vpon the face of all the earth are cast.
What may we thinke of that renowned hill,
Whose matchlesse fame full all the world doth fill:
Within the midst of *Ethiopia* fram'd,
In *Africa* and *Amara* still man'd,
Where all the Gods may sit them downe and dine,
Iust in the East, and vnderneath the line.
Pomona, Ceres, Venus, Inno, chast,
And all the rest their eyes haue euer cast
Vpon this place so beautifull and neate,
Of all the earth to make it still their seate:
A christall riuer downe to *Nilus* purl'd,
Wonder of Nature, Glory of this world.

Deere *Amara*, thy amorous name doth cite
My lowly pen thy lofty prayse to write.
If all the world and all therein were mine,
All were to weake to match themselues with thine.
In all the earth, and all the rest to loose,
Thy seat to loue instead of all I de choose.
There are the Temples couered all with guilt,
The Pallaces, and glorious buildings built,

A Library ſo famous rich and round,
As that the like on earth was neuer found.
There are the Muſes and the learned Nymphes,
The royall iſſue, and the beſt borne Imppes:
The ſeed of kings vpon thy body nurſt,
The Preet himſelfe kept long within the firſt.

Admired mount, how haſt thou in all ages
Beene ſtill renownde for rareſt perſonages,
Thy treaſures rich beyond compare that lyes,
Within thy wals may dazle both mine eyes.
Two famous Queenes in Maieſty and grace,
With Lawrell boughs haue much adornd thy face,
As if themſelues with Nature did combine,
To wreath thy browes with ſacred worke diuine.

The firſt of thoſe was faire *Magueda* cald,
1. King. 10. 10 Braue gallant Queene within thy towre inſtald:
11.
2. Chro. 9. 1. That let the reſt and went her ſelfe to ſee,
If *Salomon* could well compare with thee.
But when ſhe ſaw, and glutted had her eye,
With ſight of that which farre and wide did flye:
Alone ſhe leaues his glorious Temple guilt,
His ſtately Court, and all that ere he built.
His pleaſant land, and curious deckings fine,
As all not worth for to compare with thine.
And ſo returnes within ſhort ſpace againe,
Within thy wals a royall Queene to raigne:
Gods true Religion in thoſe dayes profeſt,
Away ſhe brought and plac't it in thy breſt.

The other Queene that hath adornd thy browes,
Act. 8. 27. With Lawrell crowne of ſacred Chriſtian bowes,

Was

Was *Candace* great Empresse of such fame,
As Enuy still cannot obscure her name,
When *Indica* her loyall Eunuch went
To *Iewry* land vpon Ambassage sent:
Homewards returning on his weary way,
In Pilgrymage straight forced was to stay
By God himselfe, which by the faithfull bide,
And *Philip* sent to be his onely guide.

O matchlesse Queene, braue pearle of women kind,
Renowned fame shall thy chast temples bind,
Which by thy meanes as old Records yet sayth,
Conuerted all vnto the Christian faith:
Baptized thy selfe within that sacred fount,
Which stands still firme vpon thy holy mount:
And in that Church whereas the God of loue
Descended downe in shape of flaming Doue.

All sacred hill, how can I choose but wonder,
To see the God of lightning flames, and thunder,
That rends the rockes, and all to powder pashes
The sturdy mounts with sudden sulphery flashes!
Descend himselfe vpon thy glorious head,
When all thy Princes were baptiz'd and fed.
With that true *Manna* that from heauen was showred,
When Christ his bloud vpon thy browes was powred:
Within that Temple of immortall fame,
That till doomes dayes shall euer beare his name,
And which before his deerest bloud was spilt.
Vnto the Son was consecrate and built.

O *Amara* which thus hast beene beloued,
Still to this day thy foote was neuer moued:

But in the heat of moſt tempeſtuous warres,
God hem'd thee in with ſtrong vnconquered barres.
Protected ſafe, and kept thy feet vpright,
Againſt the world, the fleſh, and all to fight.

No maruell then ſince man at firſt was humbled
Vpon thy head hath falne himſelfe and ſtumbled,
In admiration of thy gifts diuine,
When Nature, Arts, the Gods and all combine,
To cull thee out in farre aboundant meaſure;
And on thy browes to ſhowre their deareſt treaſure.
If in thy walls as ſome this day haue thought,
Adam and *Eue* by God himſelfe were brought,
And plaſt ſecure in pleaſures wondrous well,
Till from thy top for wilfull ſinne they fell.

Some men againe more farre then theſe are wide,
Whoſe large conceits in *Eden* cannot bide:
Fond, franticke men the ſacred truth to reach,
And Paradiſe ore all the world to ſtreach.
Wolfangus. Wiſſenburg. Soropius. Vadianus. The land of *Eden* of that ſpatious worth,
To thinke it went quite ouer all the earth,
The lofty wals which hem'd the ſame in round,
To be the Spheres that in their vtmoſt bound.
On euery ſide about the world do paſſe,
And ſeeme to vs much like a wall of Braſſe.
The flaming Sword that guards the tree of life
From ſinfull *Adam* and his likoriſh wife,
Haue preſuppoſd in all the world alone,
To be the hot and horrid burning Zoane,
That mans exile by curſed enuious fate,
Was nothing but the changing of his ſtate;
When at the firſt from God aboue he fell,
To be entombd within the graue and hell.

In

In ancient times when people were besotted,
Not in that vice which some of vs vs call potted,
But in blind errour of the heauenly light,
Till God by Christ enlightned had their sight,
Perswaded were that Paradise at first,
In which old *Eue* and *Adam* both were nurst,
A reall place vpon this earth was set,
Vntill for sin the world it selfe was wet:
With such a shower on euery side and round,
That all therein were quite consum'd and drownd.

Patricius van 10, lib. 20.

Gen. 7. 1.

Then Paradise his owne peculiar seate,
A pleasant place, delightfull, sweete, and neate,
For feare the floud which o're the earth did flow,
When *Noahs* Arke did on the waters row,
Should ruinate the goodly sacred place,
And bring the walls iust in the selfe same case,
That *Henoch* City in those dayes was found,
When all the world, and all therein was drown'd:
Transported it within a instant quite,
Far from the earth, and reach of this our sight,
And plaste the same euen in a moment soone,
Within the circle of the lofty Moone.

To Thelaste.

And some there be as far as Rome haue rambled,
Which back againe, for want of meanes haue ambled,
Like vgly Bat the monster of his kind,
That vice can see, but yet to goodnesse blind;
Happy were we when first they ran from hence,
Casting a mist vpon the Scriptures sence,
To thinke the place where *Adam* first did fall,
Was but a tale, and no such place at all,
That holy *Moses* in his sacred worke,
Hath little true but only fictions lurke.

The Manichees origen. Rom. famulestes ad Renegaoes.

Esa.33.15,16, Damn'd wicked man, the child of vnbeliefe,
17. The Word distrust, and thus to play the thiefe,
Gods Church to rob, his chosen flock to fleece,
The truth to blur, and heere to pick a peece;
Wringing the same. or as we vse to squeese,
Simile. A Sponge with water or such kind of Leese:
The Scriptures true, and heauenly Hebrew Story,
Conuerting all into an allegory.

Thou soarest high, heere is thy lofty flight,
Gen.2.8. False hearted Rome, which canst not see the light
2.King.19.12. That shineth cleere, within the Scripture lyes,
The truth it selfe hath bleared both thine eyes:
Like to the Bird thou beareth in thy crest,
That seldome times vpon the earth can rest,
Simile. But mounts aloft with proud aspiring wings.
The Eagle. Till base desires downe to the ground him brings,
As if the light he could no more endure,
But falls and stoopes vnto a carrion lure.

The Sodomites which in the dayes of *Lot*,
Gen.19.11. About the walls where groaping very hot,
To find the Angels that his house possest,
Till fearefull blindnesse stayd their course to rest,
Were beaten downe with horrid sulphery smoke,
That instanrly their cursed breath did choke:
Transform'd their townes in lesse then halfe an houre,
When God but once vpon their vice did lowre;
With fire and brimstone strange vnwonted thunder,
Of all the world the sad and fearefull wonder,
Amazing all which at this day behold it:
To see how God hath vp to nothing rold it.
Made it a puddle and infectious sinke,
Not fit for man once of her souree to drinke.

Lued

Euen so thy wilfull curſed vnbeliefe,
Prophane abuſing of the ſcriptures chiefe,
Thy Sabaoth breaking, couetouſneſſe and pride,
With all the ſins within the world beſide,
Haue made thee blind to find that louely place,
Where Adam first was in his greateſt grace:
About the walls thou canſt not find the dore,
To come within land view the plenteous ſtore;
Thy braines confuz'd as in a maze are led,
Darke vnbeliefe thy cloudy ſence hath fed,
The heauenly light thou canſt not well diſcerne,
From Sodome firſt to looſe thy ſelfe doſt learne,
In all the earth that euer eye did ſee,
How well theſe men we may compare to thee.

But ſtay; whilſt they about the world are ſeeking, Paradiſe diſcri-
To find the Garden *Adam* had in keeping, bed.
My ſacred Muſe with lofty nimble flight,
On Paradiſe the place it ſelfe doth light:
From *Rome* tranſported tyrant of the weſt:
To *Nimrods* Tower within the orient eaſt,
Neere *Eden* plaſte within *Aſſiria* land,
On *Euphrates* and *Tygris* goodly ſtrand,
By *Babilon* firſt Empreſſe of the earth,
Mother of Arts moſt glorious in her birth,
Whoſe towring fame as Monarch of the world,
Where golden flouds in ſiluer ſtreames haue purld;
My ſences wrapt in admirations wonder,
To thinke how ſhe hath all the world brought vnder,
Making her ſeate the glory of her time,
Braue ſtar of Fortune, ſubiect of my Rime: Franciſcus. Iunius. Curtius. Plinui. Solinus.

Heere was the ſeate the likelieſt place indeede,
Where *Eue* at firſt did of the Apple feede,

By

By learned iudgement of those worthy men,
Whose high desart, fames lofty quill doth pen,
Which far and neere about the world haue ventred,
And but at last within her walls haue entred.

Ptol Geor. lib 6 5. chap. 20 strabo lib. 16

O Paradise, that first our Parents stai'd,
Vntill such time Gods will they disobay'd;
How far my pen doth of thy worth come vnder,
Mirrour of earth, of all the world the wonder.
Where sacred *Thetis* from her louely lap,
Hath power'd her treasures, much inrich't thy hap,
Which Euphrates and Tigris hath combin'd,
Their Source deuided in foure parts, to winde
About thy borders, as heauens deerest worke,
Within thy bowels glide along and lurke;
Venting such Iewels as were neuer found,
A welcome tribute to thy holy ground.

plin. lib. 2 Chap. 106

Nature her selfe hath much impaled thy head,
And wreath'd thy browes as fortune hath her led,
With such a ridge of rocky mountaines small,
To hemme thee in as with a sacred wall,
Vpon the top toward the east still there stands,
A smoky hill which sends forth fiery brands,
Of burning oyle, from hels infernall deepe,
Much like the sword the tree of life did keepe.

Deuinest land the sunne hath euer seene,
How fortunate thrice happy hast thou beene,
To haue that God which fram'd the world and all,
Frequent thy walkes before thy fearefull fall:
Yet as thou art and as thou dost remaine,
The totall earth on on euery side dost staine:

Whete

Where can a man in all this world below,
Find Bdelium that pleasant tree to grow,
Whose fragrant branches, sweet delightfull fruite,
And lofty height hath made my sences mute,
The Onix stone and other things to bide,
In all the earth scarce in one place beside.

How is thy ground exceeding rich and faire,
A region seasoned with a temperate aire,
Thy channels crawling full of golden Ore,
The fruitful'st soile that e're the earth yet bore:
Neptune himselfe with foure great riuers greeing,
To deck the bosome which gaue *Adam* being,
Vpon thy temples all their treasures powr'd,
And all their wealth at once vpon thee showr'd.
After the floud when all the world was kild,
In *Noahs* time there man began to build,
When hauing rambled in the sacred keele,
About the world, on euery side did feele
Thy fragrant scent so pleasing rich and neate,
Of all the earth, to make thy Throne their seate.

Heere was religion planted in her prime,
The golden age and infancy of time,
When mans worst actions like the Turtle Doue,
In all the world was little else but loue:
Deere Paradise, how famous was thy name?
When God himselfe erected first thy frame,
Endude thy Land with such things in it set,
As time for euer neuer can forget.

The fabling Prayses of *Elizium* fields,
The Turkes, Eutopia nothing to it yeelds,

The Paradiſe of *Romes* fantaſtike braine,
Is but a ieſt a little wealth to gaine,
And *Aladeules* with his place of pleaſure,
Comes far behind and ſtill is ſhort of meaſure,
Worth honor, grace, when brought into compari
With this ſo rich and glorious garden rare.
The perſian fancies of their heauenly land,
In ſight of this not able is to ſtand,
The world it ſelfe and all that is therein,
I could forſake that very place to win,
And all the greateſt Kingdomes euer found,
But dung and traſh to that moſt holy ground.

The lofty walls were all of Jaſper built,
Lin'd thick with gould, and couered rich with gui
Like a quadrangle ſeated on a hill,
With twelue braue gates the curious eye to fill,
The ſacred luſter as the gliſtring Zoane,
And euery gate fram'd of a ſeuerall ſtone:
On ſtately columes reared by that hand,
Which grau'd, the world and all that in it ſtand;
The Chalſedony, and the Iacinth pure,
The Emrald greene, which euer will endure,
The Sardonix, and purple Amethiſt,
The Azurd burniſh't Saphire is not miſt,
The Chriſolite, moſt glorious to behold,
And Tophaze ſtone, which ſhines as beaten gold,
The Chriſophraſus of admired worth,
The Sardius, Berill ſeldome found on earth,
The dores thereof of ſiluer'd Pearle moſt white,
Do ſhew that none by wrong oppreſſion might
Be croſt, by cunning, wringing, wreſting guile,
By wicked plodding in all actions vile,

By

By foule offences like base enuy faste,
Can passe the dores but those are pure and chaste.

That sweete Disciple which the Gospell wrate,
And lent at supper, (when Christ Iesus sate)
Vpon the bosome of his Lord and King,
He from the heauens this Paradise did bring,
Perus'd the walls, and view'd the same within,
Describ'd it largely all our loues to win.
The christall riuer with the Tree of Life,
Gods deerest lamb, and sacred Spouse his wife,
The various fruits that in the garden growes,
And all things else which in aboundance flowes:
Hath rapt my sence to thinke how God at first,
Fram'd all for *Adam* and his of-spring curst.

Reu. 21. 10. to the 6. verse of the 22. chap.

To come within how can we but admire,
Why should our minds to view the same aspire,
It being sacred tipe of heauen it selfe,
Our sinfull thoughts worse then the vilest pelfe,
That all diuine by God himselfe first wrought,
Aboue the Cloudes, and then by Angels brought,
Like to an Infant in his timely birth,
Into the Church, and plaste vpon this earth:
The midwife there which did attend the same,
Was deare *Vrania* that braue noble Dame,
Whose glorious worth my weakenesse can't rehearse,
Queene of the Muses, Soueraigne of my verse.

Simile.

But yet *Vrania* be not bold to pry,
Into the secrets of this treasury,
Lock't vp from vs and bard from all to enter,
Where none but thee may without danger venter,

Leaſt thy great God thou traceſt in thy ſtep,
Should from the Heauens downe on a ſudden leap,
As if from ſleepe he had beene rowz'd and waked,
And find thy ſelfe like *Eue* and *Adam* naked.

Adam, what made thee fearefully to hide?
Entangled in the allurement of thy bride,
Thy ſelfe from God, who by his ſacred voyce,
Amongſt the Trees within the garden choyſe;
Repayred now as oftentimes before,
To recreate and view the various ſtore,
Euen in the coole and dawning of the day,
The winds before him vſhering of his way,
Thinking to find as heeretofore he found,
Thine innocency vpright, perfect, ſound;
But contrary, thou lurkeſt in a buſh,
Vntill thy God did neere vnto thee ruſh,
And ſtarting of thee as thou then waſt loth,
He takes thy ſpouſe and thee all naked both.

Adam (quoth God) why doſt thou hide thy face?
What is the cauſe thou art ſo poore and baſe?
That thou ſhouldſt thus with ſimple ſhifts begin,
Aſham'd of me to couer now thy skin,
How haſt thou knowne in leſſe then halfe an howre,
To lurke ſo cloſe within this ſecret bower,
And ſew thoſe leaues to patch them ſo together,
To hide thy ſhame and keepe thee from the weather?
The Tree of Knowledge in this pleaſant ſeate,
I do beleeue that thou thereof didſt eate,
Which I commanded on deaths diſmall paine,
Thou ſhouldſt not touch the iewce thereof to gaine,
Haſt thou now eate of that delicious fruite,
I am afraid thy of-ſpring all will rue it.

O heauenly God (then *Adam* answered straite)
I was intrapt with such a pleasing baite, Gen 3.12.
That made my reason, sense, and all to yeeld;
My strength but weake within so strong a field:
For why, the woman which thou gauest me,
A helpe most meete and comfort sweet to be.
Shee of that tree did plucke but one in all,
And brought it to me as a sacred ball:
The sight whereof by her perswasion moued,
Whom more then gold and all the world I loued.
Straight in my armes began for to embrace,
And she intreating with her smiling face,
Gaue me that Apple in her louely hand,
Which makes me thus before thy sight to stand,
All naked, poore, lamenting of my fall,
As loath to speake when thou at first didst call.
She, she it was which gaue me of that meate,
By her intisements onely I did eate.
If I haue broke thy holy heauenly lawes,
Blame her (not me) for being first the cause?

Then God (againe) vnto the woman sayd,
Why hast thou thus most treacherously betrayd
Thy louing husband and thy darling deare,
Whom to displease thou oughtst in conscience feare?
He is thy head, thy Soueraigne, Lord, and King,
Why dost thou thus his feete in bondage bring,
Insnaring him, thy selfe and Issue all,
In wofull danger of your soules to fall?

Sweet God (quoth she) a foule mishapen beast,
The vgly Serpent crawling on his breast,
When but a little that I stept a side,
From my deare husbands best beloued side:

A goodly fruite preſented to my view,
That in the midſt of all the garden grew:
Perſwaded much the onely taſte of it,
Would farre increaſe my ſimple womans wit:
The touch thereof would ſight and knowledge giue,
Neuer to die, but ſtill as Gods to liue.

By which inticements ſnared in his trap,
He ſhakt the tree, and vp I held my lap:
That Plumme alone which fell into the ſame,
I kept it ſafe, and to my husband came.
But yet before his preſence well I ſaw,
Not thinking once of thine eternall Law.
By freſh allurement of that Snaky wite,
I viewd the ſame, and ſo of it did bite.
The which when as that I the deed had done,
Away he crawles, and leaues me all alone:
Mine eyes i'th'inſtant wofully did ſee
The murraine Elfe had firſt beguiled me.

Simile. Like to a Mouſe not farre off from her muſe,
So is a woman ſild without exſcuſe.
When on a ſudden God himſelfe deſcends,
The winged clowds on euery ſide he rends:
All foggy miſts of darkeſome errours quite,
He doth diſperſe and brings the Truth to light.
That all the world his Wiſedome may admire,
To ſee how ſoone he finds the diuell a lyer.

Iuſtitiæ deſcriptio. Iuſtice her ſelfe with grim and frowning eyes,
Deſcendeth downe beneath the lofty skyes:
That euer lowres and holdeth in her hand
A paire of Scales to weigh both ſea and land.

The

The secret actions infinite to name,
Which euer yet were hatcht vpon the same.

But at her backe there oftentimes attends,
A noble Dame to many a one that bends:
Of smiling cheere and sweet delightfull face,
Borne of the Muses in their royall Race.
Whose siluer tresses as heauens glorious Queene,
The goodliest creature euer eye hath seene:
In all her robes she sits at Gods right hand,
Descends to some, but by his side doth stand.
In secret corners of the heart she lurkes,
Gods Mercies great are farre beyond his Workes:
In heauen and earth, and all that in them are,
None may come neere, much lesse to her compare.

Misericordiæ discriptio.

Alone she sits, and sendeth Iustice downe
To God himselfe, that in a sacred frowne
Summons the Serpent to appeare in place,
Whose accusation layd before his face,
Without demurre and wresting of the Law,
His heinous crime before his eyes he saw,
And standeth mute without excuse at all,
When God aboue to iudgement once doth fall.

Accursed diuell, thrise damn'd is all thy race,
Thy wicked plots and secret actions base:
What made thee winde within this winding Snake,
The shape of Serpent in thy mind to take?
Why hast thou sat on *Adams* sacred skirt,
To harme a man which neuer did thee hurt:
And wrong a woman with mischieuous guile,
By enuious plodding in a deed so vile?

Gen. 3. 14.

Could

Could it not ſerue that firſt thou wenteſt about
To ſcale my throane, from heauen to ſhut me out?
But this my worke, which more I did admire
Then all the Angels fram'd of burniſht fire:
The heauenly lights and all that euer were,
Within the compaſſe of the ſpatious aire.
The man himſelfe in whom I tooke delight;
Plac't him in *Eden* by my powerfull might.
That thou ſhouldſt thus with all the diuels combine,
In ſpight to me his perſon vndermine.
To creepe to *Eue* as if ſhe were thy Ant,
And fawne on others like a Puritant.
What haſt thou got for all thy villany?
A beaſt thou liu'ſt, worſe then a beaſt thou'lt dye.

And yet not die, for euerduring paine,
(For this thy treaſon) ſhalt be ſure to gaine.
The fire of my iuſt wrath will make thee gurne,
Simile. As burning Braſſe thy bowels ſcorcht ſhall burne.
The worme of Conſcience ſhall torment thee euer,
Simile. And like a Vulture feed vpon thy Liuer.
That ſtill in death, a horrid fearefull ſmart,
Shalt dying liue, to ouerloade thy heart.
Grinde all to powder thy damn'd wicked rout,
With coales of fire, which neuer ſhall go out.

Thy tongue ſhall be a ſure and certaine token,
How falſe to woman thy curſt mouth hath ſpoken;
For in the ſame a forked ſting ſhall be,
That after times may ſtill thy enuy ſee:
And all her race ſhall thee torment and vexe,
And thou againe ſhalt skare her fearefull Sexe,
Lurking in dens and ſecret holes obſcure,
To trap the iuſt with baneſull breath impure.

Thy

Thy hide bepainted with a peckled varnish,
Thy venom'd carkasse in thy pride shall barnish:
An vgly creature shalt thou be vncouth,
Thy teeth all blacke within thy lying mouth.
Out of that hollow irkesome vast abisse,
Vpon thy belly shalt thou crawle and hisse.
Dust shalt thou eate, and canckred be thy skin,
Thy body swolne with poyson all within.
Thy viperous seed in vgly enuy borne,
To all the world shall be the hatefull scorne.
In euery path, and out of euery hedge,
Their poyson fell in humane flesh shall wedge:
That when they time and place to purpose feele,
Their venom'd tongue shall bite them by the heele.
Thus till the earth shall mould away and fall,
Where men least thinke there shall they lie and crawle.

The Womans seed in iust reuenge againe,
Thy head shall breake, and cursed actions baine,
When that sweet Babe shall to the world be borne,
That heauen and earth with glory shall adorne.
Then shall he trample on thy cursed hide,
And on the clowds with winged fame shall ride.
Before his face shall ratling cracks of thunder,
Amaze thy sense, and reasons false bring vnder.
To see when he shall on the earth descend,
How thou in chaines and fetters shalt be pend:
Tormented in those paines no tongue can tell,
Scorcht all to cinders with dam'd diuels in hell.
Curst is thy life, thrice cursed is thy race,
Voyde of all goodnes, mercy, loue, and grace:
Here is thy doome vpon thy Snakie head,
That others with thee hast to sinne misse-led.

Scarse these last words were spake by God himselfe,
Of his sad iudgement gainst this cursed Elfe:
And but beginning of *Eues* dismall speech,
When suddenly she gan to cry and screech:
When in the instant from the lofty skyes,
Misericordia. Mercy comes downe and into *Eden* hies;
Prostrated falls vpon her bended knees,
But God himselfe his daughter deare that sees,
With weeping eyes before his face to craue,
That but on *Eue* he would compassion haue:
Began to stay his minde, to alter cleane,
And to the woman now began to leane:
But that hard by stood Iustice in the place,
And vrg'd him much to prosecute the case:
When all the reason Mercy well could render,
Was that her selfe was of the female gender.

Iustitia & Misericordia. Whilest both of these each other do oppose,
Loath each of them their humble suite to lose:
Contending still as aduocates at Barre,
Or combatants in furious fearefull Warre:
Natura. And altogether iudgement speedy feares,
Gods eldest daughter in the place appeares.

Nature diuine, like to *Aurora* fac't,
A noble Lady, beautifull and chast:
Simile. Braue famous Queene, a royall person borne,
Naturæ descriptio. Whom heauen and earth and all therein adorne.
Her haire dishcueld, trailing to the ground,
And in the same the rarest secrets bound,
Without all art in curious manner curld,
And in her hand the Globe of all the world:
Ten thousand colours in her gowne are seene,
Wrought by her selfe vpon a ground of greene.

In

In all her iewels of admired gaine,
With fower braue Ladies bearing vp her traine: The Elements
She ſober enters in that ſacred place,
And downe ſhe fals before the Almighties face.

Father, ſayd ſhe, deare Father here behold, Oratio.
Giue me but leaue to be a little bold,
Finding my ſiſters iarring neuer ceaſe,
To reconcile and ſet them both at Peace:
A holy worke which thou haſt euer loued,
My ſelfe thereto by charity firſt moued.
One of my deare affected ſiſters ſweete,
That from this place to heauen did lately fleete,
Brought me ſuch newes when at the firſt we met,
Till all diſſolue I neuer ſhall forget.

And like it is this maſſie weighty ball
Which hangs ſo euen iuſt in the midſt of all:
Would ſoone returne to what it was at firſt,
If all thereon for this one fault were curſt.

Behold this Fabricke here within my hand,
The mighty Gloabe of all the world doth ſtand:
What will become of all thy Noble workes,
This goodly frame, and all that euer lurkes
Within the compaſſe of the heauen and earth,
If now deſtroyd within their prime and birth,
All will conſume and vnterly decay,
If Iuſtice once thy Mercy ouerſway.

Iuſtice I know doth vrge thy ſacred word,
Which from the Truth as yet hath neuer ſtird:
Thy penalty on *Adam* and his Race,
For foule offending in this holy place.

The execution of thy Law diuine,
In the least tittle of each Statute line:
Which hath ordaind that in that dismall day,
In which the woman did the diuell obay;
To taste the fruite and sucke it with her breath,
That both of them should die a fearefull death.

Mercy againe as being full of Loue,
Pittie, compassion from thy throane aboue
Presents her selfe before thy sacred face,
Imploring Goodnes, Maiestie, and Grace:
To be a meanes to mediate a peace,
And that for once all further iudgement cease,
When by the Enuie of a viperous tong,
Hatcht by the diuell this cursed malice sprung:
And their offence to take it at the worst,
By Iustice weigh'd will yet be found the first.

O then deare Father let me speake my minde,
Be Iust and Louing, Mercifull and Kinde:
Punish all sinne according to thy word,
The Truth preserue, that none at Iustice gird:
But yet let Mercy at thy right hand sit,
Thy noble workes in sacred holy writ,
Shall then be blaz'd vnto their vtmost worth,
And thou be knowne a God vpon this earth.
Then shall large volumes with thy prayses swell.
Thy Mercy drop to infant soules in hell,
Which neuer haue offended much thy minde,
But borne in sinne and neuer knowne vnkinde,
Whose cursed parents crost thy heauenly will,
The sperme of those that liue in errour still.

Thy

Thy sentence past cannot againe be call'd,
And truth must stand before thy face instal'd,
That very day according to thy word,
In which the tree of Knowledge first was stird,
By *Eue* and *Adams* wilfull treachery,
Both of them then a cruell death should dye:
If mercy now had not come downe in hast,
And at thy feete her humble sute had cast;
Before this time that iudgement had beene giuen,
Both of their liues might well haue beene beriuen.

O then what would become of all this frame,
And all thereon, too infinite to name,
The famous actions by thy spirit nurst,
All must returne to what it was at first.
One day with thee is as a thousand yeeres,
The hower of death Incertaine full of feares.
First saue the seede and let them liue in awe,
Then dye a death for breaking of thy Law;
So is thy word confirm'd, my sisters pleaz'd,
The world remaine and iudgement somewhat eaz'd,
Then shall thy creatures in all ages stand,
The worke diuine of thy all powerfull hand,
And euery thing that on the earth is bred,
Shall shew thy glory both aliue and dead:
That all may stand to all eternity,
Thy only Son offers himselfe to dye.

But silenc'st once by Gods commanding Word,
The iarring sisters neuer after stird,
But satisfied, and resting well content,
They spent the time in hapless merriment,
And God aboue to iudgement doth proceede,
With fearefull *Evah* and her timerous seede,

Her naked husband that himselfe excuz'd,
And said his wife his loue had much abuz'd.

Gods iudgement on Euah.

O silly woman to be thus beguil'd,
In sorrow now that shalt bring forth thy child,
A hard conception with an extreme paine,
Sick loathsome vomits at my hands shall gaine,
Thy husband now shall ouerrule thee still,
Thy fond desires bee subiect to his will:
A constant loue shall hardly once be found,
Within the brest of any on this ground,
And from this day the most of all vnkind,
Fickle, vncertaine as the wauering wind;
Tost too and fro with euery blast that blowes,
Entangled straight with gawdy curious shewes,
That most of you your husbands will forsake,
A golden bribe or licorish thing to take.

Gods iudgement on Adam

Heauens glorious iudge to *Adam* also said,
Because thy wife thou hast an Idoll made,
To trace her steps which leade to deadly sin,
Thou dost but now to feele thy woe begin,
Curst is the earth, and curst is for thy sake,
The fruite thereof accursed will I make;
In great vexation, extreme labour paine,
Toyle, sweate and dust, thou shalt much sorrow gaine,
The earth henceforth shall now no more endure,
Vnlesse thou till, and much her sides manure,
And when thou think'st thy barnes top full to fill,
Thy Vintage stor'd with plenty at thy will,
In monstrous Mows to pile a wondrous heape,
Then thistles, thornes instead thereof thou'lt reape,
Much like the beast which on his belly feedes,
Soe shalt thou liue by hearbs and garden seedes,

Till

Till thou returne vnto the earth againe,
And that therein thy limbs all cold be laine,
This is the mother that thy body nurst,
Out from the same thou taken wast at first,
Sorrow and sickneſſe shall thy body burne,
For dust thou art, to dust thou shalt returne.

O heauenly God, heere is a iudgement past,
Throughout this world eternally to last,
No writ of errour can the same reuoke,
When as the words by thine owne mouth are spoke:
Heere is a sentence with a sacred seale,
No inhibition can thy law repeale,
Nor all the tricks, deuises subtill shifts,
Of greedy Lawyers with their bribes and gifts,
Can once dissolue a knot so surely knit,
With all their braines and cunning peeuish wit:
But that the same for euermore must stand,
A iust decree by heauens diuineſt hand,
Drawne vp aboue in *Eden* ratified,
With all the Angels in the world beside,
And all the powers of firmament and all,
To this decree consented at thy call;
Heauens deereſt Babe whoſe fame shall periſh neuer,
Hath with his bloud confirm'd the same for euer.

The Regiſter that vp this order drew,
Was Time it selfe clad all in Azure blew,
Wing'd like an Angel, shadowed with a vaile,
And *Truth* his Daughter bearing vp his traile,
Nobly attended with a Lady kind,
More quick and nimble then the swift foote hinde.
Within his mouth a lofty Trumpe doth stand,
And a sharpe sith or sickle in his hand.

Tempus & veritas ear. deſcriptio.

A glaſſe of ſand continually that runs,
Within his way no liuing thing he ſhuns,
Lock't long before his head, behind all bald,
To ſhew whats paſt can neuer be recal'd.

O *Time*, preſeruer of all ages paſt,
How are mens eyes on all thy actions caſt,
Thou ſhouldſt be true and conſtant in thy courſe,
Why ſhould baſe gold thy mind to ill inforce,
Allure thy ſence and reaſons temporize,
Alter an order daube vp both thine eyes,
When God the King and all the Lords decree,
A Iudgement iuſt to all eternitee,
In open court pronounce the ſame at large,
Commit it ſafe to thy ſole care and charge;
Yet for a bribe within thy griping fiſt,
Thoul't ad, ſubſtract and ſet downe what thou liſt.

Princes and peeres, graue Iudges of the Land,
Let euer Iuſtice in your actions ſtand,
Looke well to time, for time it ſelfe doth call,
It may deceiue and goe beyond you all:
Diſpatch the poore, and heare the widdowes cauſe,
Let not the Orphant periſh by your lawes,
The Innocent is oftentimes vndone,
But in defending of a ſute begun:
By mighty foes that ouerdares his youth,
And lies ſuggeſt inſtead of naked truth,
Then is he poſted too and fro in haſt,
His life, lands, liuing, all he hath to waſt:
And neuer left ſo long as worth a groate,
His weary limbs oft times in priſon rot,
All by delayes when golden angels houer,
Within the fiſt of euery ſeruile louer,

That

That but attends and comes before your face,
By bribing liues vnto your foule disgrace,
O to be sway'd with euery glistring fee:
This is iniustice in the worst degree.

But you are wise, to you a word is more,
Then all the workes to this day kept in store,
Can be to those that little vnderstand,
And more respect, some feeling in their hand.
Trace that great God in all your actions out,
Let him be still to bring the day about:
Your only starre sole leuell and your square,
The seuerall frames of all your works to reare,
But you are men your memories may faile,
Let not your seruants set your worth to saile;
Iustice and Mercy, Time and all for gold,
'Gainst Natures lawes outright are bought and sold,
And why should man thus to base bribing fall,
There is a God which takes account of all?
And oftentimes what by the diuill is got,
Vnder his feete he treades it till it rot.

And yet what reason haue we to complaine,
When *England* thou hast got the richest gaine, Iacobus Rex,
The deerest treasure and the welcom'st fee,
That euer any land attain'd but thee,
A royall King deriued from the race,
Of *Edens* Monarch in her greatest grace,
Within whose face true Maiesty doth shine,
Iustice and Mercy in his browes combine,
His temples chast with lawrell boughes are wreathed,
The sacred Muses in his brest haue breathed,
Vpon his head three famous crownes do stand,
Gods deerest booke is euer in his hand.

Whose Angels still his person hath protected,
And all his daughters him for King elected,
Too weake (alas) I must my selfe confesse,
O that my Muse could but his worth expresse,
Though in this place I doe but giue a glance,
Of that which after in my worke may chance,
His fame renowne shall euer flourish greene,
Sire to a Prince, and father to a Queene.

Carolus princeps. So shall the fame of his illustrious sonne,
Mount vp the aire, in *Phœbus* chariot run,
About the earth on euery side shall sound,
As far as *Eden* and the *Indian* ground,
And still his Glory all the world shall passe,
And be ingrauen in monuments of brasse,
That Time for euer shall his worth adorne,
The greatest prince that euer yet was borne.

Braue Prince of peace from heauen it selfe descended,
How hath this land beene by thy birth befriended,
To haue a spirit of such noble wit,
heereafter sway within her lap to sit,
When *England* thou maist ioy, delight and court thee,
Vnder his wings maist sit thee downe and sport thee,
Sollace thy labours with a glad content,
And giue God thankes that him to thee hath lent:
Whilst other lands haue not so rich a pawne,
About succeession out their sword is drawne,
Nothing but bloud, confusion, shreikes and skars,
As late was seene within thy ciuill wars.

Nobilitas. Heere could I stay and sit me downe and pause,
And view thy court and all thy reuerent lawes,
Admiring all the nobles of thy Lands,
How with deuotion all their seruice stands,

Prone

Prone euer prest to reattend thy will,
To run and goe as thou command'st them still,
Whose worth and merrit, euery one in order,
Should all be ranck't within this sacred border:
But that to *Adam* I must post apace,
And tell what fell vpon his fowle disgrace,
Meane while when Time shall worke vnto my mind,
Then shall my Muse their seuerall vertues find.

Adam no sooner had his Iudgement past,
But God his Mercy on his darlings cast,
As one that neuer both of them forsakes,
For one sole fault but mild compassion takes,
Pitties their want, and wailes their fowle abuse,
Tenders their good admits a weake excuse:
Like to a father of a louing heart, Simile.
Loath with his son and daughter both to part,
Though much prouoked by their folly meere,
Still cloathes them well & makes them of't good cheere:
So God aboue whose loue doth farre surpasse,
The greatest loue as yet that euer was,
For all their faults and fowle enormious sins,
Yet cloathes them warme, in well furd coates of skins.
Gen. 3. 2. 1.

And thus attir'd as in a mantle curld,
From *Eden* now they come into this world, Simile:
For Iustice vrg'd vnto their sinfull face,
They might not stay within that sacred place,
For feare that *Adam* and his longing wife,
Should take and eate but of the tree of Life,
And so for euer both of them should liue,
To thinke the fruit did life vnto them giue:
Like to a man when publikly detected,
But for one fault is still of more suspected. Simile.

O Holy God, heere is a mistery,
The Tree of life what it doth signifie,
But that deare Lambe out of whose bleeding heart,
Our soules were held much to his paine and smart.
The time indeede when *Eue* the fruite did gripe,
The tree of Life was not then fully ripe,
But long time after in his glorious birth,
Iust in the midst and center of the earth,
It flowrisht greene on sacred *Sion* sate,
Till twas cut downe by cursed enuious fate.

Tempus. Now winged Time Gods speedy messenger,
A nimble hasty posting passenger,
That hard by stood recording what was past,
Vp to the skyes his eyes i'th instant cast,
Spide *Eue* and *Adam* standing in the place,
Thus cloathed both before the almightes face:
When but commission from that sacred lip,
He had obteyn'd, lets no aduantage slip,
But mild and gently takes them by the hand,
Shewes them the gate that to the east doth stand,
Leades them along lamenting of their fall,
For all their cryes, sets them without the wall;
Bars vp the dore with such an iron leuer,
As none aliue that once can enter euer.

(Alas poore *Adam*) now thou feel'st thy hurt,
The aire all cold doth make thy body smart,
Weakenes thy limbs, benummeth much thy strength,
And makes thee glad to fall to worke at length.
Thy wandring first, and losing of thy wife,
Thy pennance then and toyling weary life,
With all the rest that did to thee befall,
Before thy sad and sacred funerall:

With

Within this place I muſt forbeare to tell,
For feare my booke would to a volume ſwell,
And proue more bigge then any of the reſt,
Like one great diſh mongſt many at a feaſt.

And yet a word (though Time againe do call)
To anſwer that which in my way doth fall:
Amongſt ſome men there is a queſtion made,
Of thoſe that ioue before their time to wade,
How long it was in innocency firſt.
That *Adam* liu'd before he grew accurſt,
How many weeks, yeares, months, or count of dayes
Were paſt before *Eue* fell to fooliſh gayes:
And how long after that they were detected,
They ſtayd in *Eden* all with ſin infected.

Some men there be which are of this opinion,
Euen in our dayes within our owne Dominion:
That in the day when *Adam* was created,
The diuell i'th'inſtant ſtraight his fortune hated:
Enuyde his glory, ſought his ruine more,
As in my worke I told you of before.
Tis very like that when *Aurora* bluſht,
The morning cleare, and all were calme and huſht:
That *Adam* then and his ſweet ſpouſe were made,
But ere that *Titan* farre from home did wade,
In weſterne Seas his weary courſers duckt,
And heauens wide curtaine ore the earth was pluckt.
It may be true that he might fall againe,
And be expulſt out of that ſacred plaine:
For ſome there be that heretofore did ſay,
Man neuer ſtayd in honor yet a day.

Others there be that cannot thinke it true,
Their punishment did instantly insue:
But that long time they liued in the place,
Enioying fauour, countenance and grace.
That God himselfe did oftentimes descend
To *Eden* land, like to a louing friend.
After the man had liued long alone,
He fram'd the woman of his left side bone:
Brought them together, as before you heard,
Whose foule offence the godly Garden mard.

O heauenly God! why should we heere below
Trouble our selues thy secrets past to know:
When thy drad word which thou from heauen hast sent,
The world and all can giue vs scarce content,
But still we striue, and at thy secrets ayme,
Till thou our Reason in our Sense dost maime.
Here is the glory of th'eternall Crowne,
Mans earthly wisedome vtterly throwne downe:
Though in Gods booke we loue to pry and peeke,
In things diuine sometimes we are to seeke.

Tempus. But Time againe to God himselfe retiring,
Where all his daughters were with ioy admiring,
To see the diuell damn'd to the lowest hell,
Adam expulst, themselues contented well.
After a gentle kinde respectfull awe,
Before his eyes that all mens actions saw,
Takes sacred Iustice by her reuerent hand,
That nobly graue, within that place did stand,
Iustitia descrip. Leads her along in milde maiesticke state,
Plac't both her feete vpon the Easterne gate.
In Scarlet roabes downe to her Anckles trayling,
A Crowne of gold her browes all chast impaling.

Her

Her hands are cleane, not carryed with a tale,
Her modeſt eyes are couered with a vaile:
Out from her mouth as heauens eternall cryer,
There ſtreames a blade of pureſt burniſht fire,
A Sword (which ſhakes) that vpwards downwards curld,
Like blazing ſtars amazing all the world. Simile.

Iuſt by her ſide (at her right hand) Time places
The goodlieſt Dame mongſt all the Nymphs and Graces
The ſweet borne Mayd, and nobleſt Cherubim,
That euer Nature at her beſt could lim:
Braue peereleſſe Queene, moſt Angel-like thy face, Miſericordia.
The Saints in heauen thy very name imbrace.
There thou doſt ſtand by Iuſtice reuerent ſide,
Till all be ended thou by her muſt bide,
And ſhe againe at Gods diuineſt word,
Doth guard thy perſon with her flaming ſword.

Not long before (if you remember well)
When *Adam* firſt with *Eue* his darling fell, Charitas.
And both all naked iuſtly for it blam'd,
Loues baſhfull Lady was thereof aſham'd:
And as offended in that ſacred place,
Mounts vp the clowds with diſcontented face,
Bewailes mans fall with teares, bedewes her cheeeks,
Moſt louely looks, and round about ſhe ſeekes,
If ſhe can find with all her toyle a friend,
To ſet all right, and paſt offences mend.
When ſhe had paſt to ſiluer *Cinthia* fayre,
Through the cold Region of the liquid Aire,
And croſt the way that *Phaeton* begun,
With his prowd Teame about the world to run,
Aboue the ſtars and fiery regions hot,
With extreame labour paine and trauell got,

On

On euery ſide through danges great had ventred,
Yet at the laſt within heauens wals ſhe entred,
Where ſhe beheld a goodly glorious ſight,
Ten thouſand candles all the world to light,
Carryed in courſe about the earth to reele,
And Nature nobly turning of their wheele.

After thoſe kind imbraces euer vſde
Twixt Ladies faire, dame Nature ſmiling, muſde
To ſee her ſiſter with her louely face
Thus rapt alone within that ſacred place,
To paſſe the clowds and firy frozen Ayre,
The earth to leaue, vnto her to repayre:
Euen in an inſtant at that happy time,
What heauen ſo high but loue diuine will clime?
Scale vp the throane of God himſelfe aboue,
Thriſe noble Lady full of grace and loue.
Nature amaz'd as wondring what it ment,
To ſee thy lookes bewray a diſcontent.
Enquires the cauſe that makes thy face ſo ſad,
The newes below ſhe thinks is worſe then bad.

But when ſhe heard and vnderſtood the cauſe,
That *Eue* and *Adam* brake their Makers lawes,
Incurr'd a curſe on all their future ſeed,
She thought the world and all therein would bleed,
And that Gods anger for ſo foule offence,
Would not be pleaſde vnleſſe ſhe went from thence.
Not ſtaying now to heare the matter ſcand,
She takes her ſiſter by her louely hand,
Deſcending both in all their rich attire,
Downe the hot region of heauens burniſht fire,
Through the cold Aire beneath the Moone they diued,
And at the laſt in Paradiſe arriued.

Here

Here she stood by and saw Gods iudgement past,
And oftentimes forth from her eyes she cast
A Sea of salt and driery briny teares.
Her loue (alas) was euer full of feares,
To make her venter in the heate and cold,
And mount the skies, as euen but late I told:
Bring Nature downe in speedy post apace,
To appease Gods Iustice in that sacred place.

Time spies her forth, and takes her by the hand,
Which louely there within that place did stand:
And as before he vsde each other Sister,
So now this Lady first of all he kist her.
Then leades her foorth much like a louely Queene,
Spangled in Iewels, wrought with gold in greene:
Brings her to Iustice, plac't her by her side,
In future ages euermore to bide.
That till this world by power diuine shall stand,
These sisters both should be on either hand,
To guide the earth and keepe her feete vpright,
And gouerne all vnder the Prince of might:
When Mercy, Iustice both from Loue do flow,
The Scarlet garment seemes as white as Snow.

Time backe retires as heretofore he did,
When now the place was of the Ladyes rid,
And on a Dame of Noble birth doth light,
Cald Truth his daughter cloathed all in white: Veritas.
He takes her gently by her lilly hand,
Wherein Gods booke did at that instant stand.
Brought her along (as all the rest before)
Ouer the gate vpon the sacred dore,
In all her roabes with comely pompe and grace,
And plac't her right before dame Iustice face,

Iusticia. O heauenly God, may I not well resemble
The flaming Sword which made the earth to tremble,
When all the world thy sacred Iustice saw,
To deare *Elias* liuing in the Law,
Rapt vp a liue within a flaming Cart,
2.Kin.18.40. His coate imblazde might be a bleeding heart.
2.King.1.10. When *Iesabel* the monster of her sexe,
2.King.2.11. His harmelesse soule vpon the earth did vexe:
Her Prophets false to *Babylon* that ran,
He quite consum'd, and scarcely left a man
To carry newes of that vnwonted fire,
Which fell vpon them at his iust desire.

Misericordia That Cherubin vpon the right hand plac't,
Which time himselfe hath with his fauour grac't,
In all the world how well I may compare,
To aged *Henoch* walking in the Ayre,
Within whose dayes when God his body rapt
Aboue the clouds in innocency lapt,
Before such time as *Moses* Law was gaued,
By Mercy onely all the world was saued.

Charitas. The other damsell which my pen doth lim,
The sweetest fast and louelyest Cherubim,
That Time himselfe vpon the left hand set,
And which my Muse can neuer well forget.
If that we reade the holy sacred Booke,
How neare her person (all diuine) doth looke,
To that Disciple which the rest suruiu'd,
In *Pathmos* Ile into the heauens a riu'd:
Rauisht in spirit on a sacred day,
Within a coffin did his body lay,
And round about a light there shined bright,
The coffin caught quite out of all their sight.

The

The lesson still that he did euer preach,
Both in his life, and by example teach,
In all his workes like to the Turtle doue,
Throughout his bookes was little else but loue.

That Cherubin which stood before the face
Of sacred Iustice in that reuerent place:
Like to an infant that his Nurse doth weane,
Whose face is smiling, fingers ends are cleane.
All full of Truth, not knowing how to faine,
Dissemble falsly all the world to gaine.
How well I may compare her setled looke,
To Gods eternall euer blessed booke.

Veritas.

These Cherubins all glorious to behold,
Surpassing farre the purest burnisht gold:
The radiant splendor of whose sacred rayes,
Resemble those ador'd within our dayes,
Iustice diuine, much like to God himselfe,
That scorneth bribing and all ill got pelfe,
And shewes by iudgements fearefull past examples,
How all the world vnder his feete he tramples,

Iustitia.

Mercy againe much like to Christ his son,
That hath the crowne of glory for vs won,
And from the heauens descended to the earth,
To make vs happy in his welcome birth,
Whose panting soule had neuer minutes rest,
Suffring those torments not to be expresst,
Surpassing farre the greatest learned wits,
To see how he at Gods right hand now sits,
Triumphing ouer sin, world, death and hell,
In ioyes eternall which no tongue can tell,

Miserecordia.

Thrice euer blessed be his glorious name,
It was his mercy made him do the same.

Charitas. Then Charity much like the God of loue,
I meane no *Cupids* which to folly moue,
But that great spirit ere the world was made,
Vpon the waters through the deepe did wade,
Gen.1.2 By whom the Virgin happily conceiued,
Mat.1.18.20. To bring forth him that Iustice wrath appeased,
When afterwards by *Iordans* siluer sides,
From *Libanon* to *Sodoms* lake that glides,
Along the plaines where Iesus was baptiz'd,
Mat.3.15, 16, 17. The holy Ghost in shape of Doue disguiz'd,
Heauens windowes ope, thus speaketh in their sight,
This is my Sonne in whom I take delight.
When all was finish't, and to Heauen Christ went,
Then downe came he to giue vs all content:
Simile, As *Iustice*, *Mercy*, both with *Loue* are linck't,
So God is one, the Persons three distinck't.

Iustitia. These altogether as the heauens decree'd,
Misrecordia. The Tree of Life protect from *Adams* seede,
Charitas. The World it selfe with wonderment they fill,
Veritas. Their meate is knowne to do their fathers will,
Natura. Who all this while is with their sister sweete,
His eldest daughter as 'twas euer meete.
When *Time* had done, discharged full his due,
Aboue the clouds vp to the Heauens God flew,
Where he remaines leauing the world and all,
Which euer yet was knowne vpon this ball;
To the protection of that noble Dame,
That to the earth with loue her sister came,
So well affected, labouring what she can,
That all her care is but for sinfull man,

Let him his mind to goodneſſe alwayes bend,
And Nature euer is his louing friend.

Great God of Heauen, now is thy Iuſtice ſhowne,
Thy Loue and Mercy with thy Nature knowne,
Time hath thy Face and glorious browes vnmask't,
And thus at firſt my Rurall Muſe hath task't,
Heere brought forth Truth from her hath neuer ſturd:
Reueal'd the ſame wrapt in thy holy Word,
Of Paradiſe the ſacred curtaine drawne,
The Sabaoth ſhew'd, on no mans vice doth fawne,
Of all the world hath ſung the firſt beginning,
Told *Adams* faults, and *Eues* offenſiue ſinning,
Their ſeede defac't in breaking of thy lawes,
And heere Ile ſtay, and ſit me downe and pauſe.

The end of the firſt Age.



THE GLASSE OF TIME, IN THE second Age.

Diuinely handled,

By Thomas Peyton, *of* Lincolnes Inne, *Gent.*

Seene and allowed.

LONDON,
Printed by *Bernard Alsop*, for *Lawrence Chapman*, and are to be sold at his shop ouer against Temple Inne.
1620.













Beati Pacifici.

THE GLASSE OF TIME, IN THE SECOND AGE.

The Argument.

The ſacred Muſe *by envious Foes is croſt,*
Adam *and* Eue *how each from other loſt,*
Their firſt borne ſonne by curſed malice led,
Unkindly wounds his dearest Brother dead,
Apoſtacy *the cauſe of all this ill,*
The totall World on every ſide doth fill;
With Bloud, Oppreſſion, Cruelty *and* Hate,
To waſte, conſume, and winde each others ſtate,
The Church *deriued from the third borne child,*
Is ſtaind, polluted, with Caines *Race defilde,*
So that the Wo ld *and all therein was found,*
Beſides the Arke *were waſh't away and drown'd.*

VRania Soueraigne of the *Muſes* nine,
Inſpire my thoughts with *ſacred* worke diuine,
Come down from *Heauen*, within my Temples *Reſt*,
Inflame my *heart* and lodge within my *Breſt*.

Grant me the *story* of this *World* to sing,
The *Glasse* of *Time*, vpon the *Stage* to bring,
Be *Aye* within me by thy powerfull might,
Gouerne my *Pen*, direct my *speech* aright,
Euen in the birth and infancy of *Time*,
To the last *Age*, season my *holy* Rime:
Oh leade me on, into my *Soule* infuse,
Diuinest *Worke*, and still be thou my *Muse*,
That all the *World* may wonder and behold,
To see *Times* passe in *Ages* manifold,
And that their *wonder* may produce this end,
To liue in *loue* their future liues to mend.

Then shall thy *lookes* with sacred luster shine,
The *Muses* all within thy Browes combine,
Richly adorn'd with all the *Nimphes* and *Graces*,
Shall sound thy prayse with louely pleasing faces,
Ioying to see thy glorious *heauenly* hap,
The golden *Ball* cast downe into thy lap;
To thy delight and great contentment more,
Then if the *World* were only thine in store.

Though cursed *Enuy* on thy *Fortune* frowne,
Yet thy chast Browes shall weare heau'ns lawrel crowne,
In future *Ages* as the *Muses* Queene,
Thy *Temples* wreath'd, shall euer flowrish greene.
And what if *Hymen* something doe annoy
Thy tender *Fruit*, yet shalt thou liue in ioy:
And when pale *death* shall close vp both thine eyes,
Thy *fame* shall mount aboue the lofty skyes.

And yet *Vrania* how canst thou be glad,
To see this *Age* wherein we liue so bad,

All

All ouergrowne far worse then at the first,
Bemir'd in sin as if it were accurst,
Nothing but *blood, contention, Brides* and *brawles*,
The Serpent still vpon his belly crawles,
And round about on enery side doth winde,
With cunning *sleights* the Infants face to grinde.

Nay thou thy selfe, noble *Vrania* deere,
Since first thy landing and ariuall heere,
Hast thou not beene on euery side turmoyl'd,
Tost too and fro, by *Enuy* ouertoyl'd?
Whose viprous tongue within a *sacred* place,
Hath belcht her *venome*, aim'd at thy disgrace;
Like to the Diuell in *Paradise* at first, Simile.
That banefull *poyson* in his *Breast* hath nurst,
To wrong thy person, weaken much thy *state*,
Enrich himselfe to satisfie his hate,
Tooke all aduantage working on thy *youth*,
Suggested *lies* instead of naked *truth*:
Lock't thee vp close (Immur'd) within a Wall,
When not a Groate was due to him at all;
But by the order of this noble *Land*,
He in that *place* for *debt* to thee should stand.

Great God of Heauen it makes me weepe and waile,
To see *Iniustice* oftentimes preuaile:
To domineere and catch into her hand,
When *Innocence* must at her *mercy* stand,
Then doth she squeese, wring, wrest, extort and lurch,
When seldome times oppression comes at *Church*,
Deare friends perswasion once can ne're preuaile,
To worke a peace till all be set to saile,
Then *swallowes* all into a *griping* purse,
Not satisfied, *continues* ten times worse,

Vowing to *waſt* and *Ruine* all thy *ſtate*.
Oh curſed *malice* hatcht by *enuious* fate,
When thy falſe *heart* hath made the act thy worſt,
What art thou then more then a *beaſt* accurſt:
Nay farre more worſe, for thou muſt count at large,
For euery *ſoule* committed to thy charge,
If by thy *fault* the leaſt of them be loſt,
Thy *ſoule* in *hell* the price of it will coſt.

But yet my *Muſe*, vnfold to me the cauſe,
Why thou didſt fall into the *trecherous* pawes
Of hatefull *foes*, deuouring *Tigers* fierce,
Falſe hearted *friends* which in thy *ſtate* did pierce,
That thou ſhouldſt *thus* be toſt on euery ſide,
Compeld oft times to be from *home* and *ride*,
To ſee if *Enuy* with her *viperous* face,
Hath *foyſted* lies in ſacred *Iuſtice* place.

I know no *cauſe*, nor could I euer tell,
Why ſhe ſhould thus againſt thee alwayes ſwell,
Ier. 23. 12. 10. *Winding* her ſelfe, her *mallice* beſt to ſmother,
11. 13. 14. 15. Into the *habit* of thine elder *brother*.
16. 17. One thou haſt *lou'd*, inough to make me doate,
To ſee *vice* lurke vnder a formall *coate*.
And thou thy ſelfe that yet didſt neuer hurt,
To harme a *childe*, or throw a *worme* i'th'durt,
Or take delight to *glory* in the fall
Of any one, much leſſe thy tongue to *gall*.
Bite, ſcandall, blurre, to *Iniury, defame*,
The worth of any in their *goods* or name:
By wicked *wayes* the *Infants* face to grinde,
Nor in thy *hands* thy neighbors liuing wind,
But to thy *power* haſt ſhewd thy beſt endeauour,
To loue the *Saints* withall thy *heart* for euer.

Vranie

Vrania (deere) thy very caſe is mine,
How did my *Foes* ſtill to this day combine,
Backe ſliding *friends* (much like to *ſlippery* Eles)
Haue *vndermind*, to turne vp both mine heeles:
With *fawning* tearmes my company haue ſought,
Inuerted that (which yet) I neuer thought;
Reported *words*, the which were neuer ſpake:
Let euery man by this a *warning* take,
And carefull be *whom* they conuerſe withall,
The *Bird* oft times in *Fowlers* nets doth fall:
Euen when (*Alas*) not any hurt ſhe thinkes,
Then is ſhe *caught*, vnder their burthen Sinkes.

How oftentimes haue I bin toſt and tir'd,
Plung'd in the *deepe* and all with *durt* bemir'd;
Toſt *too* and *fro* by thoſe in *Ambuſh* lay,
With ſecret *Gins* to trap me in my way,
Vow'd my *deſtruction*, all my *ſtate* to baine:
Much to my *Trouble*, *Iniury*, and paine,
Swallow'd my *goods* within a griping *purſe*,
Haue I not cauſe all *Romaine wolues* to curſe,
When all I haue can ſcarcely giue content,
Vnleſſe my *life* and *liuing* both be ſpent.
Were it for *debt* or title of my *Land*,
That thus my *foes* did in their *furie* ſtand:
If poſſibly they could me more *abuſe*,
Yet in ſome ſort I would then here *excuſe*.

Deere *Muſe*, the cauſe why I am thus perplext,
Turmoyld about on euery ſide and vext,
To waſte my *ſtate*, and paſſe through *dangers* many,
Is not for *wrong* that I haue done to any:
But by fel *Enuy* hatcht in *hell* below,
In *Eden* nurc't, now ore the *Earth* doth flow.

When

When *Adam* least suspected her intent,
Then was her *mind* on mischiefe fully bent,
And euer since hath labour'd what she may,
Eues seede to baine her secret traps to lay:
But all the spight against me she can vse,
May waste my *State*, and hinder thee my *Muse*.

For this alone, by her I am misused,
Hurried about, by slandrous tongues abused,
Kept long from *home*, vnto my great expence,
Weakened my Lands and liuing euer since,
On all sides crost (by *Greatnesse*) ouersway'd,
By *guile* and *cunning* (treacherously) betray'd,
Of smooth fac't friends abandon'd and forsaken,
And all God knowes, but for a *Word* mistaken.

Nay had I beene sole *Author* of that thing,
Which some vntimely to my *hands* did bring,
And blaz'd it forth, why should I thus be blam'd,
When no man (*liuing*) in the same is nam'd,
Nor any scandall in those words alone,
Intended are but by a man i'th *Moone*,
Yet I turmoyl'd against all *right* and *reason*,
Am vs'd by some, as if it were *High Treason*.

Sacred *Religion* brought from *Heau'n* aboue,
Thou shouldst be constant, full of *Grace* and *Loue*,
From God (himselfe) thou hast a *holy* taske,
O let not *vice* (vnder a *Surplisse*) maske,
By this alone *Christs Flock* are scattred all,
O're all the *Earth*, in euery place do fall,
Some runne to *Rome* and some renounce their *Creede*,
Simile. And come againe, like to a *stinking* Weede,

That

That beares a *Flower* a womans *Loue* to win,
But yet the ſeed *contagions* all within.

All powerfull *God*, when both by *Night* and *Day*,
Inceſſantly my *Heart* to thee did pray,
To eaſe my *Griefe*, and if it were thy will,
To ſend me *Peace* to walke vp *Sion hill*,
That in thy *Houſe* where all thy *Saints* do meet,
My *Soule* might ſing and offer *Odours* ſweet,
To heare thy *Word* come purling from the Rocke,
Feeding thy *Sheepe* and building vp thy *Flocke*,
Where none at *all* ſhould haue a cauſe to fall,
Chriſts *Coate* was wouen without a *Seame* at all: Simile.
In ſtead of *Peace* which I deſird in haſte,
Thou ſentſt me downe a *louely Virgin* chaſte,
Noble *Vrania* ſoberly attired,
Which when I ſaw, (with *Ioy*) I much admired,
Finding a *Friend* (copartner) thus to be,
A fit *Companion* in my miſerie,

Great God of *Heauen* vpon my bended knees,
Before that *Face* which euery actions *ſees*,
Let me but know what good I euer wrought,
That thou in *Mercy* thus on me haſt thought?
Or haue I not offended much thy will,
That thou my *Breſt* doſt with *Vrania* fill,
Sending her *Downe* as thou didſt ſend thy Son,
To *ſaue* thoſe *ſheepe* which from thy *Fould* did run.

Eternall God, what ſhall I giue to thee,
For thy great *Loue* and *Fauour* ſhewd to me?
If all the *World* within my power did ſtand,
And all therein were ſole at my command:

If all the waues within the *Seas* which boyle,
And all the *Riuers* on this *Earth* were oyle:
With all thoſe things that ere I did behold
Vnder *Heauens* Cope were fram'd of beaten gold,
In *Thankefulneſſe* for all thy *Mercies* ſweet,
Ide all *Surrender*, lay them at thy feet.

But ſoft my *Muſe*, whilſt thee and I am playning,
Ech others *griefes*, and ſtill but little gaining:
Time poſts away, as if it had forgot
What *Adam* did (after the *Gates* were ſhut)
In *Paradiſe*, I meane that *ſacred* dore,
Which in my *Worke* I told you of before.

Adam and *Eue* about the *gliſtring* walls
Of *Paradiſe*, with mournfull cryes and calls,
Repenting ſore, lamenting much their *Sin*,
Longing but once to come againe within,
In vaine long time about the wals did grope,
Not in *Diſpaire* as thoſe are out of hope:
But all about, in euery place did feele,
His louing *Wife* ſtill following at his heele,
To find the *Dore* with all their care and paine,
To come within, their former ſtate to gaine.

Simile. Like to a man that in a *Pallace* built
Of *Iaſper* ſtone, and couered rich with guilt,
One euery ſide lin'd with a golden wall,
And no *Towne* neare, nor any houſe at all,
In ſuch a place ſuppoſe one ſhould abide,
Be entertaind like to a *louely* bride.
Yet in the night for ſome abuſe abſurd,
Perchance for drinke or ſome diſtaſtefull word.

If he ſhould be faſt by the ſhoulders caught,
Lead forth a dores and ſet by all at naught,
Haild all along (euen in the Euening late)
Betweene his foes, and thruſt quite out of gate,
In no place neere, hearing a *Dog* to barke,
All comfortleſſe wanders about i'th' darke:
Gropes euery where, if he can find a dore
And enter in, he will offend no more.

Or like a man that venters for a prize, *Simile.*
Hoodwinckt, and made ſtarke blind in both his eyes,
Wheeles round about, in euery place doth reele,
At euery poſt and corner houſe doth feele,
To find the dore where he ſhould enter in,
With all his toyle his *Wager* for to win.

Euen ſo is *Adam* in that vncked place,
The flaming *Sword* ſtill blazing in his face;
On euery ſide the gliſtering walls to ſhine,
The *Sun* himſelfe iuſt vnderneath the *line*.
The radiant *Splendor* of thoſe *Cherubims*,
Dazles, amates, his tender eye ſight dims. *Simile.*
Like to a man that gazeth at the *Sun*,
Is then vnfit, farre any way to run,
Leaſt whileſt his lookes aboue the *Clowds* he pitch,
He chance to *fall* and tumble in a ditch,

Such Is the *ſtate* of *Adam* and his *Wife*,
And euery *Man* within this mortall life,
To wander, *Grope*, as in the darke be loſt,
And fartheſt off from that they ayme at moſt:
The *ſacred* luſter of Gods *Word* diuine,
The *Goſpels* truth which ore the *Earth* doth ſhine,

The *Son* of *Peace* (*Christ Iesus*) being borne,
Whose glorious *Light* doth all the *World* adorne:
Haue made *Man* blind and *dazled* both his eyes,
To see that Ioy which in the *Scripture* lies.

When many dayes were past away and spent,
Finding at last they mist of their intent:
And that their toyle and trauell to their paine,
Was frustrate quite, their labour still in vaine:
Much discontented for their sad mishap,
Yet once againe vpon the walls they rap,
Then weepe and howle, lament, yearne, cry, and call,
But still no helpe, nor answer had at all.
Perplext in mind, and dazled with the light,
With griefe and care, distempered in their sight,
Amazed both iust as the wind them blew,
To *Paradise* they bad their last adew:
Like those are *Moapt* with wandring hither, thither,
Simile. From thence they went, themselues they knew not whither

The *Crosses*, griefes, vexations, troubles, care,
Befell them after, with their hungry fare,
Stragling about, abiding in no place,
And *Discontent*, vpon their late disgrace,
The angry *Heauens*, for many dayes that lowred,
The *sable clouds* which sulphury showres downe powred:
The very *Earth* combining with them both,
Strange hideous *sights*, of irkesome *Lights* vncouth,
The *Elements*, as all together bent,
Against mans *Sin*, themselues in sunderrent.
The *Sunne* asham'd, the inconstant angry *Moone*
Began to wane, sending a *Night* at *Noone*,
Surcharg'd with *Sorrowes*, no where now to rest:
Their griefes more great, then can be well expresst.

The

The discontent some say which *Adam* found, Comment. in Cabalist vidi Reuch. lib. 1.
Being expulst out of that *holy* Ground,
By *Eues* foule error to be thus disgra'ste,
Made *Him*, the *World*, his *Wife*, and *all* distaste:
And like a *Hermit* in his wandring weedes, Simile.
On little else but griefe and sorrow feedes,
Repentant thoughts are harbour'd in his *brest*,
His *Mind* impatient, finds no place to rest,
But to the *East* from *Paradise* doth run,
Towards the rising of the morning *Sun*.

Heere, heere (*Alas*) his tender dazled sight,
With the great splendor of that glorious *light*,
Whose matchlesse *grace* when vp to *Heauen* it enters,
Much like a *Queene* forth from her Chamber venters, Simile.
Climes vp the *Skies*, and tramples on the *Aire*,
With cheerefull lookes in glittring *Robes* most faire,
Prances about, in no place long it bides,
Vlewes all the *World* on euery side it rides,
The radiant *Rayes* which sparkled in his face,
Made *Adam* thinke that *God* was in that place.

With this conceit, he tarries in no coast,
But on he goes, and all in hast doth poast,
Ore *Hill*, and *Dale*, with toyle, vexation, paine,
Like *Sisiphus*, that labours still in vaine, Simile.
To roule a stone against a monstrous *Mount*,
His griefe more great then any man can count,
Finds to his cost his trauell to no end,
His weary *works* all to no purpose tend:
So on he runs, on nothing else doth dreame,
Vntill he came at *Ganges* watry streame,
And as before, ore many a little Riuer,
He made a way vp to his *Heart* and *Liuer*,

So in this *streame*, hoping the same to win,
He enters bold, and wades vp to his chin.

Heere is a *Barre* in *superstions* way,
Too deepe a *rubbe* to make his fury stay,
For all his hast he can no further passe,
By *Ganges* coast, like to a *Wall* of brasse,
simile. Where he is forst, to try his vtmost skill,
Against the *streame*, he striues and labours still:
Vntill by *Practise* with his actiue limbs,
A *Mile* or two vpon the *waues* hè swims,
But yet too farre in absence of his *Wife*,
May breede a *skarre* and hazard so his *life*.

Thus discontented, with that watry wall,
The griefe conceiued of his dismall fall;
The losse of her that late before he lost,
When as he thought to passe to God in post,
Himselfe alone bewayling of his *sins*,
To true *Repentance* faithfully begins:
And as some say did *Circumcize* himselfe,
Washt all his *Skin*, (bemir'd) in durty pelse,
Forsakes the *World*, for certaine dayes did stand,
Within the streame, and neuer came at land,
Vntill his flesh from top to toe was seene,
With *cold* and *froath*, all ouergrowne with greene.

Then God which late vpon his fault did frowne,
Now smiles againe, and sendeth *Raziel* downe,
One of the three in sacred *Roabes* of *Light*,
That euer stand before the most of might,
Since *Sathiel* one of their number fell,
From highest *Heauens* vnto the lowest *Hell*,

Michael,

Michael, Gabriel, this *Raziel* ſtood,
Still to this day the ſole *Archangels* good.

This noble *Angell* brings thoſe tidings glad,
And cheeres the *Man* to be no more ſo ſad,
Tells him that *God* is not with him offended,
But with the *Diuell* which firſt his *Reaſon blinded*,
That his *Repentance* purchaſt hath his peace,
From further *Pennance* wil'd him to ſurceaſe,
Although of *Sin* he hath beene *once* detected,
Yet his *good will* was in the *Heauens* accepted,
Bad him goe ſeeke and comfort vp his *Wife*,
People the *World* and liue a ioyfull *Life*.

The *Meſſenger* that from the *Heauens* deſcended,
To bring theſe *tidings* vp againe Aſcended,
Like to a *flame* of pure celeſtiall *light*, simile.
So *vaniſht* he from earthly *Adams* ſight,
Yet ſome do thinke he tarried in thoſe parts,
And taught the man the liberall learned Arts:
Was his *Companion* as a friendly guide, Iewes and
That euer kept by *Adams* fearefull ſide, Turkes.
When he went ſeeking to his care and paine,
With extreme toyle to find his *Wife* againe,
For many yeeres within the *ſtreame* did ſtand,
Whilſt *Eue* was wandring in the *Nubian* Land,
His faithfull *Angell*, in all ſtormes and weather,
Vntill ſuch time he brought them both together.

At *Araffe* hill within *Arabia* ground,
This was the place where *Eue* her husband found,
Heere at this *Mount* they both together met,
And each with (Ioy) their louely *eyes* did wet,

With

With such a shower of pearely christall teares,
Distil'd in *Loues* pure *Limbeck*, full of feares,
That one the other finally had mist,
Heere once againe they smile, imbrace and *kisse*.

Still to this day the reuerent feare and awe,
Of those which yet the *Mount* haue euer saw,
The great respect that *Superstition* wins,
'Mongst men *deuout* in pardon of their *sins*;
The *Worlds* conceit by *Mahomet* late nurst,
That *Eue* and *Adam* heere repenting first,
Found *Peace* with *God* vnto their *soules* content,
Built them a *House* in which their *liues* they spent,
Hath made the *Hill* admired to this day,
For *Turkish* Pilgrims euer more to pray,
The *sacred* Skirtes with goodly plaines are wal'd,
And at this day the *Mount* of *Pardons* cal'd.

No lesse admir'd is that Renowned streame,
By *Bengala* which makes all *Asia* dreame,
And fills the *World* with superstious *guile*,
From Easterne *India* to th' *Atlantike* Ile

Braue *Ganges* floud how doost thou draw together?
Fierce warlike *Nations* mustring hether thether,
Captiu'st them all fettred within thy bankes,
To wade within thee, yeeld thee humble thankes,
For staying *Adam* in thy siluerd floud,
When he neglected all his future bloud,
Lost wilfully his neereſt deereſt wife,
Careleſſe of all endangring much his life.

Confutation of the former opinion.

This may be true, and yet I cannot thinke,
That those whom God in *Paradise* did linke,

Brought

Brought them together by his powerfull might,
Should thus be parted each from others ſight,
Eue in the South, by fearefull *Negro* Land,
Adam i'th Eaſt, on *Ganges* goodly ſtrand,
Betweene both theſe a wondrous weary ſpace,
For two to trauell in ſo poore a caſe:
Vnſhod, all bare, mongſt horrid thunder dints,
Through woods to walke vpon the thornes and flints:
He in a *maze*, not knowing where to find
His louing *Wife*: like to a man ſtarke blind, Simile.
Toyles out himſelfe for that he neuer ſaw,
To find a *needle* in a heape of ſtraw;
She all alone wandring ſhe knew not whether,
Blowne euery where much like vnto a Feather, simile,
Inconſtant light (and wauering) apt to vexe,
As is the *Nature* of her *timerous* ſexe.

It is not like in all mens *Iudgement* ſound,
They *rambled* farre from *Edens* fruitfull ground,
Or that but two ſo kind and tender hearted,
In all their liues ſhould for a yeare be parted:
Beſides the *opinion* of the learned wits,
Graue *ancient* fathers euermore that ſits,
Reuoluing of the higheſt deepeſt works,
That in Gods *Booke* diuinely lies and lurkes:
The ſacred *ſtories* of all *Ages* paſt,
Which euermore eternally ſhall laſt,
Haue made it cleere for euery man to tell,
That in this place our Parents both did dwell,
Liu'd long *ſecure*, about the *Garden* kept,
Ioy'd with the ſight, yet for their fall they wept,
Though they were bard to come againe within,
By *reaſon* of their fowle contagious ſin,

Yet they desir'd for all their past disgrace,
But for to liue neere to that *louely* place.

Heere first with *boughs*, and such like broken stuffe,
They built a *House*, vnder a simple Ruffe,
Then like a couple that but late did wed,
With *Pelts* and *leaues*, they make a homely *Bed*,
Where they enioy'd more pleasure, true content,
Then in the *Courts* of greatest *Kings* are spent:
Himselfe all naked in a *Sheepes* skin curl'd,
The sole *Commander* of this totall *World*,
Is glad to worke to passe his time in peace,
To serue his God from further sin to cease.

Thus ouer-ioyd, vpon a time it fell,
The *circumstance* I must forbeare to tell,
Playing with [illegible] within that shady bowre,
And in his *armes* his louelicst sweetest flowre,
Embracing, toying, smiling, kissing sweete,
The sports most chaste vnto a *Spouse* bed meete,
Thinking the time he had with her beguil'd,
Forgets himselfe, and she conceiues with child.

Strange is the change she in her selfe doth find,
An extreme Passion working in her mind,
Longing oft-times some *sops* in Tarre to lick,
Her bodies altred, and her stomack sick,
Black vgly *Berries*, fulsome vnripe *Plums*,
And euery thing that in her way next comes,
The goodly fruits which are within the walls,
Of *Paradise*, she to her husband calls,
Desires, intreates him, as he loues his *Wife*,
Forth with to hast, and fetch to saue her life.

Full forty weekes ſhe liued in this caſe,
Feeding on toyes and greeneſt drugs moſt baſe,
On Durt and Traſh, on Aſhes, Hips and Hawes,
She finds ſhees ill, and yet ſhe knowes no cauſe,
At length it fell whilſt he was forth of dores,
Chaſing the *Deere*, hunting the furious *Bores*,
To get ſome *Veniſon*, or ſuch dainty diſh,
To ſatisfie his *Wiues* deſired wiſh:
Like *Hercules* that in a ſtrange diſguize, *Simile.*
Retired home with ſuch a welcome prize,
Findes his deare *Darling* full of mirth and ioy,
And in her *armes* a goodly infant Boy. Caine borne.

Th' *Admiration*, wondrous great content,
To ſee a *Child* thus fortunately ſent,
Sweete liuing *Picture* module of himſelfe,
The *World* and all he now eſteemes as pelfe,
With *Ioy* o're cloyd, vpon the face doth gaze:
Like to a man aſtoniſht in amaze, *Simile.*
All mute he ſtands not knowing what to thinke,
No *Reaſon* yet, into his head can ſinke,
How it can be *conceiued* in the breſt,
Of *Eue* (ſweete woman) whom he loued beſt.

When once reuiu'd out of that pleaſing trance,
The tender *Babe* he in his *armes* doth dance,
Smiles on his face and queſtions with his *Wife*,
How firſt twas ſent thus to prolong his life;
The *Child* ſhe ſaid, to her immortall *fame*,
She knew not well how firſt to her it came,
But that ſhe thought although her *ſence* was weake,
This was the *Seed* the *Serpents head ſhould breake*,
Tould him in words and gentle ſpeeches mild,
That by the Lord ſhe had conceiu'd that Child. Gen. 4. 1.

True are thy *words* deere *Eue*, moſt true thy heart,
Why ſhould a *Man* thy meaning *pure* Inuert,
It cannot ſinke into thy *ſacred* thought,
How of thy ſelfe an *Infant* thou haſt brought,
As well might *Adam* in thy *ſences* ſeeme,
To beare a *Child*, for ought that thou canſt deeme,
When of the *World* twas in the early morne,
And the firſt *Babe* that euer yet was borne,

Renegado proſelites.

How damn'd prophane are thoſe accurſed *lips*,
Which in *Gods Church* ſhall make ſuch dangerous ſlips,
Within the ſame to *belch* to thy diſgrace,
Euen in a *ſacred* and moſt publike place,
Behinde thy *back* when thou art *dead* and paſt,
And canſt not anſwere what their mouth out caſt,
Thus to *belye* mens *ſoules* to *ſin* allure,
Wreſting thy *ſpeech* with banefull breath impure:
Not terrifide with *Heauens* all threatning *Rod*,
Gen. 4. 1. But dares to teach (that thou didſt ſweare by *God*
Thou hadſt a *Child*) and oftentimes to ſpeake it,
If it were true, vnto the *world* to breake it,
Is worſe then was that *Serpent* damn'd accurſt,
In *Paradiſe* which wrong'd thy *Perſon* firſt.

Simile.

Ah thus we ſee the curſed enuious *Snake*,
That ſleepes to *goodneſſe*, but to *euill* doth wake,
To lurke all cloſe vnder the ſweeteſt *flowre*,
When Goddeſſe *Flora* all her pride doth powre,
Vpon the *Earth* within the midſt of *May*,
To ſuck fell *poyſon* from the holeſom'ſt gay,
When the *deere* painefull wiſe laborious *Bee*,
Ten thouſand wayes about *heauens* bloſſoms flee,
On euery *flower* within the *Garden* ſits,
And out from them the *wax* and *honey* gets,

Con-

Conueys it ſafely to her well wrought Hiue,
To pleaſure *Friends*, and keepe her ſelfe aliue.

Let *Serpent* ſnake, and all the *viperous* ſeede
That euer *Enuy* in her *wombe* did breede,
Hacht in the *Bowells* of th'infernall vault,
Where none but *Diuels* and damned *Atheiſts* hault:
Twixt *God* and *Belial* ſtill thy *ſpeech* oppoſe,
Yet ſhall thy *words* ſmell as the fragrant Roſe:
Or like thoſe *Flowers* in *Paradiſe* were plaunted
By *God* himſelfe, when he the *Garden* haunted. Simile.

Deare *Eue*, thy *worth* I euer muſt admire,
Thou ſitſt aboue within the *Angels* Quire,
Tuning thy voyce vnto their *ſacred* layes,
To ſound forth *Glory* to the *Prince* of prayſe.
Like Gods owne *Daughter* (whom he loues moſt deare) Simile.
Warbling ſweet *Muſicke* in th' *Almighties* eare,
Or that pale *Virgin* with her *glimmering* lampe,
That *lights* the *world* vnder *heauens* ſtarry Campe,
The *Vertues* which within thy *breſt* were bred,
Shall neare be ſtaind by any *viperous* head,
So long as *Fame* can ſound thy glorious worth,
Chaſt Paragon, the richeſt *Iem* on *Earth*.

Take all the *Ladies* breathing on this *Ball*,
The ſweeteſt fac't, the *nobleſt* borne, and all
The famous *Queenes* and *Monarchs* of the *World*,
Which on the *wheele* of *Fortune* haue beene hurld,
That euer liu'd vpon this *earthly* frame:
Now gone and paſt too *infinite* to name,
The *ſaints* themſelues and all the *bleſſed* troope,
Thoſe that now liue within *heauens* burniſht hoope:

Though thou art blam'd as *Author* of their fall,
Yet art thou ſtill the mother to them all.

Like to the *Vine* ſo is thy fruitfull *Wombe*, Pſal. 128. 3.
Thy *ſpeech* more ſweet then is the *honey combe*: ſimile,
Thy *Breath* all pure, which from thy *lips* comes out,
Thy *Browes* impalde with *Chaſtneſſe* round about:
From thee at firſt were *peopled* euery land,
Like *Oliue Plants* thy tender *Infants* ſtand simile.
About thy *Table*, in a ſeemely ſort,
To *ouer-ioy* and make thee *gladſome* ſport.

But why ſhould I *runne* farther in thy *praiſe*,
Vpon *Fames wings* thy liuing *name* to raiſe,
Blazing thy parts, maintaining of thee ſtill,
And fowle detraction aymes to worke thy ill.
Aye to deface thy modeſt ſpeeches pure,
With ſcandals vile, for euer to endure:
When as thy worth exceeds the learnedſt thought,
That by thy meanes into the world is brought,
And ſtill the *Truth* conuinceth brings to light,
The actions falſe, obſcurd, in enuyes night, 1. Cor. 3. 12.
Diſſolues to naught the morter made of clay,
The buildings fram'd of ſtubble, traſh, and hay,
The good from bad, the *ſheepe* from *wolues* doth ſeuer,
And brands the diuell in his falſe tongue for euer.

And yet we ſee, the ſacred *Truth* not free
From viperous tongues, gnawne in the worſt degree,
Taxt oftentimes, and ſqueeſed like a Spunge, simile.
By *Remiſh Tygers* at her ſides that hunge,
Inuerting, ſtretching, conſtruing all her words,
With error, falſhood, damned wayes and girds.

Chaſte

Chaſte vertuous *Eue*, now ſhe is paſt and dead,
The *Serpents ſeed* muſt breake the *Womans ſeed*.

But in the heauens th'eternall God of powre,
At *Iuſtice* barre will on their faces lowre,
And on their heads thunder his iudgements downe,
When *Eue* ſhall ſtand adorned with a Crowne:
Then ſhall their actions in his dradfull ire,
Be purged all, and tride as gold i'th fire.
The wickeds words their enuious tong hath ſpake,
To her diſgrace, ſhall make them yearne and quake:
And in the end the ſword ſhall iuſt diuide,
The good from thoſe which haue her worth belide,
Whoſe feet ſhall totter on hels fatall wheele,
And headlong downe to damned diuels ſhall reele:
Whilſt *Eue* ſhall ſit triumphant on the skies,
Viewing their fall, hearing their moanes and cryes,
Ioying to ſee the ſacred *Truth* preuaile,
Her meaning clear'd, her foes to weepe and waile.

And yet deare *Eue* I muſt not leaue thee there,
But bring thee downe, more children for to beare:
If but with one thou hadſt begun and ended,
Yet had the *World* beene by thy meanes befriended.
But to repleniſh with thy fruitfull ſpawne,
From *Sols* firſt riſing where his teame doth dawne,
The totall earth on euery ſide and round,
Here is a loue the like was neuer found,
Within the breſt of any woman kind,
Our thoughts, hearts, actions, all our zeale to bind,
In true deuotion to thy reuerent name,
Much to admire ſo ſweet a noble *Dame*,

When

When thy firſt-child into the world was borne,
Straight he began to take delight in Corne,
In large poſſeſſions working vp the ſoyle,
Neare *Paradiſe* with painfull labour toyle,
Tilling the ground, and planting of the graine,
His name thereby was fitly, called *Cain*.
Whilſt thou againe conceiu'ſt a ſecond child,
A ſweet borne babe of countenance more mild:
And after that, about ſome threeſcore more
Of ſons and daughters which thy body bore,
All nurſt by thee after their timely birth,
To fill the world, and people all the earth.

Thus with thy husband (in that arbour'd Tent)
Thou ſpentſt thy dayes in wondrous great content,
In true Religion, Sacrifices, Rites,
Such as thy heart vnto thy God indites,
Ioying in him, and he againe in thee,
The ſweeteſt life that euer eye could ſee,
When as together in your children ſmall,
You trayne them vp on *Edens* God to call:
And teach them yong by your owne ſteps allure,
Them to all good, chaſte, honeſt actions, pure,
The golden ground, the heauenly ſtarre, and guide,
From which but few do euer after ſlide.

Happy, thrice happy are thoſe children borne,
A crowne of Glory ſhall their browes adorne,
Whoſe infant yeares are by their parents firſt,
With the pure milke of true Religion nurſt:
In riper dayes when bluſtring blaſts aſſaile,
The mountaines high, that ouertops the dale,
Their Faith ſtands firme as fixt, vpon a Rocke,
Not eaſly ſtird by euery wauing ſhocke:

But conſtant bides, moſt permanent and ſure,
The aſſaults of *Sathan* ſtrongly to endure.

In Elder *Time* when *Age* doth threaten death
At lateſt gaſpe, euen when our vitall breath
Begins to faile, in haſtning on our end;
And kinsfolks, friends, vpon vs all attend,
With ſad lamenting, diſcontented eyes,
To ſee our *Soule* how vp to heauen it flies,
Forſakes the *Earth*, willing the world to loſe,
Incombred with a thouſand cares and woes,
That in this life dayly attend the ſheepe,
Vntill with *Chriſt* aboue the clouds they keepe.
O then the comfort, ſweet delight and ioyes,
When all things elſe ſeems to their ſenſe but toyes.
There the good *ſhepheard* in his armes embraceth,
All thoſe that loue him, wondrouſly he graceth,
With this kinde welcome, *Come ye bleſſed Soules*,
Come drinke the *Nectar* kept in Chriſtall bowles,
Eate this *Ambroſia* as a ſacred token,
That for thy ſin my body once was broken:
Receiue *heauens* crowne th'eternall kingdome kept,
For all thoſe (*Saints*) which from the world haue ſlept.

But ſoft my *Muſe*, what makſt thou now aboue
Out of this *world*, thus on a ſudden moue
Adam to leaue his fruitfull wife, and all
His pleaſures, ioyes, and both his children ſmall,
Euen in the ſpring and glory of their birth,
Weary of all, thus to forſake the *Earth*,
As if thou tookſt more pleaſure, true delight
Within the *heauens*, then in their ſinfull ſight.

Stay yet awhile, and as thou hast begun,
So to the end thy course directly run:
Leaue them not thus; O do not now surcease,
Till thou hast brought them to their *graues* in Peace:
Shew all their *liues*, the chiefe of euery thing,
Their Crosses, Griefes, do thou (*diuinely*) sing,
But yet (at first) tell how in *louing* sort,
The *Brothers* liu'd, and made their *Parents* sport.

Those that long time without a *childe* haue beene,
And neuer *issue* of their *owne* haue seene,
But without kindred, friends, and *those* which may
With some *content* succeed at *latter* day.
If these (I say) when *least* of all they thought,
Should *children* haue so *fortunately* brought,
To prittle, prattle euery word by chance,
And vp and downe about the *house* to dance:
With many *toyes* that in their *minor* yeares
Giues great *content*, the *Parents loue* endeares.
Let these men speake, but with a *Iudgement* sound,
What high *content* themselues haue often found,
In the like *sports* of tender *Infants* sweet,
That hardly yet can crawle vpon their feet;
The same we may of *Eue* and *Adam* thinke,
And ten times more then in our *heads* can sinke,
How in their *Babes* they ioyd and tooke *delight*,
And neuer well when they were out of *sight*.

Caine in the *blossoms* of his blooming *youth*,
As tis recorded in the sacred *truth*,
Takes much delight in planting of the seeds,
The fruitfull *Vine*, and all that *Nature* breeds,
The choycest, rarest, daintiest, and the best
That euer yet she bare vpon her brest.

Walkes all about, and viewes the richeſt ground,
By *Paradiſe* on euery ſide and round,
With ſhou'ls and ſpades he tumbles vp the *earth*,
His chiefeſt ayme to be a man of *worth*,
And *Lord* it ore his other *brethren* all,
That they may *bowe*, within his *preſence* fall:
To that intent he *labours*, *workes* and toyles,
In ſweate and duſt, i'th' durt (oft times) he moyles,
Like a meere *worldling* ſpends his *youthfull* dayes,
His *minde* (oft runs) a *thouſand* kinde of wayes:
If he can finde ſome *new* contriued tricke,
To *eaſe* himſelfe, the *ſoyle* vp cleane to ſtricke,
And bring the ſame in *temper* for the *graine*,
That he may *play* and yet poſſeſſe the *gaine*.

Induſtry, *Reaſon*, all the *Arts* conſpire,
To frame an *Engin* fierceſt *horſe* to tire;
The Oxen, Cattle, and the ſtrongeſt Waines
That euer *wrought* vpon the fertill *plaines*:
Himſelfe and *all* (in labouring with) this *plough*,
His *Ioynts* grow *ſtiffe*, and brawny hands all rough,
Yet in the ſame he finds ſo much *content*,
That his *beſt dayes* in this hard *worke* are *ſpent*.

His brother *Habell* doth not idly liue,
But to ſome *Art* his toward mind doth giue,
Whoſe chiefe *delight* is in the harmeleſſe *ſheepe*,
The bleating flockes vpon the *downes* to keepe,
To follow them when *oftentimes* his eyes
Are vpwards *fixt* towards the *lofty skies*,
Obſeruing thus a *thouſand* ſeuerall things,
That *heauenly* matter to his *ſences* brings,
Their *number*, *Order* with their great *encreaſe*,
And *quiet life*, ſpending their dayes in *peace*,

By *faith* perceiuing hidden *myſteries,*
Eſa 53.67. The *ſum* of that which in the *Scripture* lies:
How from the *fould* a *Lambe* ſhall forth be taken,
Which would be one day of the *reſt* forſaken,
That he ſhould be the *ſacrifice* and *guide,*
Sole *Ranſome full* for all the world beſide.

Thus theſe two *brothers* liu'd, and ſpent their dayes
Oft times in *worke,* ſometimes in *ſport* and *playes:*
In as much loue, delight, content and all,
As euer *two* that breath'd vpon this *Ball.*
If you ſhould ramble ore the totall *Earth,*
Youle hardly finde two *brethren* from their birth,
Throughout the world in all the *Ages* ſpent,
In true bred *Loue* an euener courſe that went,
At Bed, at Boord, at Home, abrode i'th' weather,
They ſeldome *part* but alwayes *keepe* together:
Walke, talke, diſcourſe, euen all the day and night,
They are not *well* but one i'th' others *ſight.*

All the weeke long delightfully they paſſe
The *time* away in browzing vp the graſſe,
In *husbandrie* and ſuch as I haue told,
But on Gods *Reſt* pins them within a fold,
Or ground well fenc't on euery ſide about,
That they may feed, but yet not wander out:

Vpon which *Day,* when once out of their *bed,*
By the *example* of their *Parents* led,
They altogether meete, to *Reſt* and *Pray,*
To ſanctifie the ſacred *Sabaoth* day,
To thinke on *God,* craue pardon for their *ſins,*
Where *Adam* then to teach them all begins,

In-

Inſtructs them well in true Religion firſt,
Tels them the cauſe which made them thus accurſt,
To vſe their wits, to labour worke and toyle,
In the wide fields to ſpend their dayes and moyle,
To keepe the ſheepe and by their cunning ſleight,
To frame an Engine of ſuch wondrous weight,
Whereas God knowes before their fearefull fall,
In *Paradiſe* they needed none at all,
Wils them to loue intirely, void of ſtrife,
The Heauenly way vnto the *Tree of Life.*

This is their worke and holy practiſe pure,
Sweete exerciſe for euer to endure,
Thus they continue running of their race,
Whilſt ſhearing day and Harueſt comes apace,
Then they beſtir them; toyle it out all day,
Inning their corne making the new Mowne Hay,
And in the end they altogether feaſt,
So giue God thanks, and from their labour Reſt:
When the next Sabaoth clad in ſeemely ſuites,
They Sacrifice the firſt of both their fruits,
In ſhew of thanks for all the plenteous ſtore,
That flocks and fields to their content hath bore.

Habell begins to ſhew his gratefull mind,
Seekes all the flock the chiefeſt Lambs to find,
The firſt falne fruits, the goodlieſt fat and faire,
That all the World cannot with them compare,
The golden prize that *Iaſon* brought to *Greece*,
From *Colchis* Ile was not ſo fine a fleece,
As each of theſe vpon their backs did bring,
To feede and cloath in Earth the greateſt King.

He brings them freely with a willing heart,
Euen glad with them and all the reſt to part,
And layes them downe before the God of might,
Both in his fathers and his brothers ſight,
Offring them vp a *ſacrifice* moſt pure,
Vnſpotted cleane his ſinfull ſoule to cure,
Implores *th'eternall* praying euer ſtill,
For to be pleas'd thus to accept his will,
As a meere figure and a (*ſacred*) Tipe,
Of that deare *Lamb* whoſe bloud away ſhall wipe,
The ſcarlet ſinnes that in the Earth ſhall flowe,
With *Iſop* waſh, clenſe them as white as Snow.

The Prayers, ſpeeches, heauenly gratefull words,
The inward heart and meaning all accords,
The aſcending ſauour, ſweete perfuming ſcent,
With that pure *Lambe* which in the ſame is meant:
Climes vp the Aire and mounts to God aboue,
An Offring free, (accepted) full of *Loue*,
Which thing to ſhew that he was partly pleaz'd,
His anger paſt, and all his wrath appeaz'd,
Iuſt at that inſtant downe from *Heauen* did ſhine,
A burning fire and ſacred light (diuine)
Which in their ſight conuey'd the *Sacriſice*,
Of from the Earth, vp to the lofty skyes,
" *When preſently a voyce was downeward caſt,*
" *This I accept for thine offences paſt.*

Caine more for ſhew then either Loue or zeale,
To God, Religion or his owne ſoules weale,
Stands by beholding of the ſacred light,
And voyce (diuine) downe from the *Prince* of might,
Expecting that his formall ſacrifice,
Stuft with all *Guile*, *Hippocriſie* and *Lyes*,

Am

Ambition, Pride, baſe *Couetouſneſſe* accurſt,
Yet thought his gift ſhould be accepted firſt,
As comming from the eldeſt firſt borne Peere,
The Son and Heire, whom *Adam* loued deere.



Meduſa (damn'd) in foule black vgly cloathes,
That all the world moſt deadly hates and loathes,
Swolne (like a *Toade*) her lookes caſt downe to hell,
Where none but fiends, and hatefull monſters dwell,
Whoſe curſed haire about her ſhoulders falls,
Powdred with *Serpents* full of poyſoned *Galls*,
Hiſſing and crawling round about her head,
Hatcht by a *Viper* in her wombe that bred,
Rends vp the *Earth* aſcendeth like a *Ghoſt*,
Conueyes her ſelfe into the promiſt coaſt,
By *Paradiſe* where *Caine* was ſacrificing,
Some of his corne his double heart diſguiſing,

Watches the *Time* when as she thought most best,
And windes her close in his dissembling brest.

No sooner she was in his heart acquainted,
But his best bloud was with her venome tainted,
His vaines swolne vp and all his body puft,
His *Head*, *Heart*, *Lungs* (infectuously) were stuft,
With *Enuy*, *Malice*, *Wrath* and deadly *Rage*,
Nothing could now his stomack fell asswage,
Finding no ease, his countenance falls downe,
His cankred mind discerned by his frowne,
Now Father, Mother, Brother, none he brookes,
That *Heauen* it selfe takes notice of his lookes.

Since first the light from darkenesse was discouered,
Or that the Clouds within the *Aire* haue houered,
The *Heauens* and *Earth*, the *Sea* and all begun,
And *Phaeton* his endlesse Race hath run,
About the World in twice twelue howers right,
Or siluer *Cinthia* shew'd her pale fac't light,
Neuer was seene a more delightfull day,
The glittring Sunne in burnish't bright aray,
Nor Heauen (it selfe) more pleasing euer smil'de,
Then when the brothers on *Loues* Alter pilde,
The *Sacrifice* before their *Fathers* face,
To God aboue within that holy place.

But when *Medusa* from Hells deepest vaults,
Began but once to spy mans secret faults,
And from her Den in darke Obliuion pent,
The bowels of her Mother *Earth* had rent,
To come aloft into the open *Ayre*,
With her foule breath, infectious poysoned haire,
And Rags (most base) as late before I told,
To seate her selfe in *Caines* securest hold.

Then

Then *Heauen* and *Earth*, and all began to change,
The winged clouds about this *Ball* to range,
The burning lampes within the firmament,
Seem'd for to winke as if their oyle were ſpent,
The glorious *Sun* to hide his gliſtring face,
Aſham'd of *Enuy* in a *ſacred place*:
And all at once moſt fearefully to lowre,
To threaten tempeſts or ſome ſudden ſhowre,
When inſtantly on *Caines* diſſembling head,
A ſable cloud from all the reſt out ſhed,
Began to ſtand himſelfe and all iuſt vnder,
Hearing this voyce out from a dreadfull thunder.

" Falſe *Hippocrite*, how canſt thou ſimulize,
" Before my face thy actions fowle diſguize; Gen. 4. 6. 7.
" To thinke that I which all the *World* adorne,
" Would thus be fed with riffe raffe of thy *Corne*,
" Or yet in *blood* to ſatiate my ſelfe,
" To liue as thou by baſe and *Earthly* pelfe,
" And not conceiue that *Holy* thing is ment,
" Within the ſame which giues me full content?
" Why is thy *Soule* thus peſtred with a ſore, Simile.
" Ranckled, beſpaked, like a rotten core,
" Thy conſcience, deedes, falſe *enuious* mind ſo bad,
" Thy lookes caſt downe, and countenance ſo ſad?
" Doſt thou not know that if thy heart be right,
" Thy actions good and pleaſing in my ſight,
" That thou ſhalt be accepted beſt and more,
" That otherwiſe *ſin* lyeth at thy dore?

" Think on my *Words*, halt not within my ſight,
" I am that God which brings the *Truth* to light
" Amend thy life, at curſed *Enuy* hiſſe,
" *Repent* thy ſelfe of what is done amiſſe,

" Let her not once be harbourd in thy breſt,
" Nor in thy *Heart* her banefull *poyſon* reſt,
" Redeeme the *Time*, behold the lofty skyes,
" Where *Loue* and *Mercy* for offences lyes.
" One comfort more then thou deſeru'ſt I giue,
" Thy Brother yet ſhall at thy ſeruice liue:
" Thou like a *Lord* ſhalt ouer-rule him ſtill,
" And his deſire according to thy will,
" Shall ſubiect be, deuoted euer ſtand,
" To run and goe with (Ioy) at thy command,
" But yet take heede, do not too high aſpire,
Caueat. " Goe (ſinne no more) and *adde no coles to fire.*

The *Heauenly* voyce down from the Clouds deſcending,
In theſe ſad words ſweetely *diuinely* ending,
The day cleer'd vp, and *Sol* began againe,
To ſhew his face vpon the *ſacred* Plaine:
The *Aire* all ſtill, the lofty *Winds* quight calme,
Adam and *Abell* finging of a *Pſalme*;
Caines ſacrifize alone vpon the ground,
Vntouch't at all ſtill to their view they found,
Whereat (with Ioy) to ſee the God of powre,
To ſmile on one, and on the other lowre:
To vaile his face vnto their ſinfull ſight,
Hearing his *voyce* out from the dradfull light,
Home they depart in wonderment and peace,
Minding a while from further worke to ceaſe:
Whilſt *Caine* alone retireth diſcontent,
Forſakes his God, and to the field he went,
First Apoſtacy in Caine. His enuious *mind* ſtill runs on his diſgrace,
Falſe to be found before his fathers face,

All working *Power*, deepe ſearcher of the Reines,
Diſcerner of the inward heart and Veines,

What

What ſecret Art can from thy ſight be hid?
Thine *Eye* ſtill ſaw what either Brother did,
How iuſt art thou and full of *mercies* ſweete,
The eyes of all are caſt downe at thy feete;
The greateſt men and *Monarches* of the earth,
The firſt borne ſeede, and nobleſt in their birth,
The proud Commanders in their formall coates,
The homebred *Sheepe* thou doſt deuide from *Goates*:
The eldeſt Brother, yongeſt in thy ſight,
Are both alike, ſo that their hearts be right,
No outward forme can make thee partialize,
Thou look'ſt vpon the inward ſacrifize,
Beholding *Habels* willing gtatefull gift,
Which thou art pleas'd vp to the Clouds to lift;
When *Caine* falſe hearted, though he was firſt borne,
Him thou forſakſt, leauing his *Gift* forlorne.

O wofull, fearefull, is the dangerous ſtate,
Of euery man ſo ouerſwolne with *Hate*,
Whom God by this cennot to good conuert,
But giues quight ouer to a ſtony *Heart*,
Apoſtacy making a man to quake,
God, Father, friends all vtterly forſake:
Prince, Country, Kingdome, all the Land in hope,
To run perhaps vnto the *Turke* or *Pope*,
In diſcontent, for conſcience, gaine or pelfe,
To ſell their ſoules vnto the Diuell himſelfe.

Some to their ſhame haue had ſmall cauſe to boaſt,
Of this foule ſin againſt the *Holy Ghoſt*,
Accurſt and damn'd of all that euer fell,
But few I know, but quick went downe to hell,
Amongſt the Diuels in euerlaſting paines,
Loaden with Boults of heauy burning chaines;

Mat. 12. 31.
Luke 12. 9. 10.
Mar. 3. 29.
Pro. 26. 11.

Simile. Whilst those return'd like to a Dog that gurnes,
That back againe vnto his vomit turnes,
simile. Or beastly *Sow* bemir'd in dirty tilth,
Cleere water shuns to scoure away her filth,
But in a ditch with some vnsauory *Bore*,
She layes her downe far worse then ere before.

How can we thinke or well conceiue in heart,
That those which once do from their country start,
And shall distast the grounds wherein at first,
Heb.6 4,5,6. With *Pastors* pure they were train'd vp and nurst,
That do renounce their *Faith* and euery thing,
Their *Oath Alegiance* to the State and King,
And in this sinne without *Repentance* fall?
How of that man can there be hope at all,
When as his *case* what shew so ere he gaine,
Is but the same with cursed enuious *Caine*?

Repentance I must confesse *Repentance* is a worke,
Of Gods great loue, which caunot lye and lurke,
Within the *Heart*, but that it forth must shine,
Simile. Like to a *Light* vpon a Hill *diuine*,
Kindled by *faith*, a *conscience* cleane and pure,
That cannot once her former wayes indure;
But by good works doth blaze the same abroad,
Without all *Guile*, *Hipocricy* or *Fraud*,
Full of true *Loue*, auoyding babbling *suites*,
Mat.12.33 A *Tree* that's good is euer knowne bi'th *fruits*.

But yet for him that from the Church is sold,
Reuel.3.16. And in his *Heart* is neither hot nor cold,
With *God* and *Mammon* can with both indent,
Whose *mind* on mischiefe is full set and bent,

That

That what he can into his hands doth get,
And all is *Fiſh* which commeth to his net.
That doth forſake his owne *Religion* firſt,
The ſame I meane wherein he hath bin nurſt,
Inconſtantly another ſhall imbrace,
What ere he thinke he is in wofull caſe.
Well may one iudge his conſcience may be ping'd,
For that one thing how many haue bin hang'd:
And he againe that in his ripeſt yeares,
Forſakes the ſame, as plaine by *Caine* appeares,
And both of them he hath diſtaſted quite,
May be in's Age a damned *Pagan* right.

Beſides examples in the *Scriptures* pure,
Which aye ſhall laſt, eternally endure,
Of curſed *Atheiſts* in their bitter *gall*,
That *Iulian* like from *God* and *Chriſt* did fall,
The *Monſter* vile within the *Goſpell* curſt,
Which *hang'd* himſelfe, when all his bowels burſt:
And diuers others tedious here to name,
Whoſe ends haue ſhewd iuſt iudgements to their ſhame: Act. 1. 14.
Hath not *Experience* in this *Age* of ours,
Branded *Apoſtates* of the heauenly powres,
With fearefull *Vengeance* wofull to behold,
Vpon the earth for being (impious) bold:
As amongſt many, infinite to write,
But one neere vs in ſteade of all He cite,
Whoſe ſcandall foule about the *world* is blowne,
His *Story* rife amongſt vs all well knowne.

The ſtory of D. Fauſtus.

Fauſtus by name, by birth a *Germaine* bred,
Whoſe *minor* yeares were with *Religion* fed,
In liberall *Arts* his *minde* but yong did wade,
A ſchoole *Diuine* and *Doctor* after made,

Traind vp as well as euer man could be,
In learnings *Lore*, and ſweet *Diuinitie*:
So was this *Caine*, the like was *Iudas* fell,
All three no doubt with damned *diuels* in hell.
The foremoſt two with *blood* their hands defilde,
But this a man, which neuer hurt a childe.
How with a *knife* made he his veines to bleed,
Then with his *blood* to write the *diuell* a deed,
Conuaying *Soule* and *Body* by the ſame,
To be tormented in *eternall* flame,
Neuer *repenting* till it was too late,
Damn'd, wofull, fearefull, in a deſperate ſtate:
Curſing the howre of his vntimely birth,
By *God* forſaken, taken from the *Earth*,
With exclamations, hideous fearefull cries,
Sprites, *Ghoſts*, and *diuels* about the houſe there flyes:
His braines thraſht out on euery poſt and wall,
Sad ſpectacle, dire, mournfull, fearfull fall,
When ſoule, life, learning, all at once he loſt,
A wofull purchaſe to his painefull coſt:
His bowels mangled carrion like (and tore)
Imbrude in filth, and ſtinking poyſoned gore:
Next day tormented in this caſe, was found
(By diuels) caſt out vpon a dunghill ground.

When once the Prince of darkneſſe in the deep,
By power *diuine*, enioyned was to keep,
And that the *Serpent* hatefull and accurſt,
Was in the *center* of the *Earth* downe thruſt:
Their vgly *ſpawne* then hacht the vileſt Elfe
That euer crawld, beſides the diuell himſelfe,
Foule furious *Enuy*, as but late I told,
With viperous *ſnakes* about her head all rold:

And

And ſhe againe out from their banefull breath,
Hath brought an Impe like gaſtly feareſull Death:
Limbe of the diuell ſtill worſe then all the reſt,
Miſhapen, vile, baſe *Antichriſtian* beaſt,
Monſter of *Nature*, falſe in euery part,
Apoſtacie with crablike crawling heart: *Simile.*
Contagious, fell, moſt dangerous in her tong,
From whom all *treaſons* in this world firſt ſprung:
The hateſull deeds which ſome haue pacht together,
Vnder *Religion*, may be brought all hither;
The ſecret actions infinite that lurke,
Which in mans heart and gall together worke:
The poyſonings, murders, euery curſed rape,
For whom this *Earth* doth yawne her mouth, and gape,
Seeking to ſwallow, in her Iawes deuowre
Within the midſt of her darke wombe, to powre
The actors damn'd vnder *obliuions* night,
Not fit to breath, or to behold *heauens* light:
Baſe ſcum and dregs, the works of darkeneſſe firſt,
Proceeding from *Apoſtacie* at firſt.

But what make I with damned *Atheiſts* vile,
My *ſacred* verſe with *Antechriſt* defile,
To rowze from hell tormented hideous *ſprites*,
Foule gaſtly *Ghoſts* which all the world afrights:
That my deare *Muſe* ſhould thus by freinds be croſt,
From *heauen* of late within the deepe be toſt.
Hels vglieſt *Monſter* to vnmaske, and lay
All open thus, falling within my way,
That little taſte to euery Palate yeelds.
And all this while *Caine* wanders in the fields
With paſſions working in his hateſull breſt,
Sad, diſcontent, may in his face be gueſt:

Reuenge

Reuenge. *Reuenge* all bloody, with a poyſoned dart,
Starts vp from hell, enters within his hart:
Baſe curſed *Furie* hacht by *Enuie* firſt,
Apoſtacie this damned heil hound nurſt:
The masked traine that all her life befriend her,
Are *Guile*, *Deceit*, and *Falſhood* to attend her.

This monſter, *Caine* cloſe in his breſt did hide,
With all the reſt of that damn'd rout beſide:
And home returns as if he had forgot,
The diſcontent of his diſcouered blot:
The blurre late made in his *Religious* cote,
As out of minde he ſeemes not now to note,
But full of forme and outward complement,
As if his *minae* was all to *goodneſſe* bent;
With much reſpect vnto his father firſt,
And duty ſhewd to her his body nurſt:
Vpon his brother (fawningly) he lookes,
And learns him then to make the ſhepheard hookes,
To catch a ſheepe running with all her ſpeed,
And he againe helps him his land to weed.
Thus *Caine* continues for a certaine ſpace,
Before his fathers and his mothers face,
In outward guiſe, formality and ſpeach,
As if his heart had had no further reach:
Vntill that Act foule barbarous deed befell,
Which makes me mute, almoſt afraid to tell:
But that from God the ſame at firſt I heard,
Gen. 4. 3. Deſcribed plaine in his drad ſacred Word.

Caine but few nights in this bad meaning ſlept,
For *Fire* in *Flaxe* can but a while be kept:
And not long after as may well be gueſt,
When father, friends, and all ſuſpected leaſt,

Euen

Euen then he takes *Occaſion* by her lock,
Singles forth *Habel* from his harmeleſſe flock,
With flattring wordes traines him along to walke,
The fragrant fields, holds him on ſtill with talke,
Vntill at laſt (*Inhumane* wretch) vnkind,
Baſe *Villaine* curſt he ſtaid a while behind,
To find a *Leauer* that he late had laid,
Within the corne which wondrous heauy waid.



This on his ſhoulders vp from thence he takes,
His fatall way to his deare brother makes,
Who all this while lay in a ſlumber ſweete,
Vpon the graſſe *reſting* his weary feete,
Thinking no hurt, full of all *Peace* and *Loue*,
His *mind* in *Heauen* walking with God abouc;

Which when the Caitife (varlet vile) had ſpide,
No longer then he could his *Enuy* hide,
But with a blow on *Habels* head downe right,
With both his hands, and all his maine and might,
The *Leauer* laid him in that wofull caſe,
That Bloud and Braines flew round about the place:
And leaſt his deede might afterwards be found,
He takes his body, rakes it vp i'th ground.

Damn'd *Miſcreant*, vnworthy that thine eyes,
Should once behold the cleereneſſe of the skyes,
What haſt thou done vnto thy brother deare?
That thou ſhouldſt thus about the corne fields leere,
And watch a time to worke that fearefull fact,
For which twere pitty but thy neck were crack't.
What art now the better to haue ſeene,
His crimſon bloud bedew'e the ground all greene,
His Body mangled, Skull to pieces beate?
How canſt thou (*Vengeance*) from the *Heauens* defeate?
Doſt thou not ſee that all begins to lowre,
The Clouds to wrack, vpon thy head to powre
Downe ſulphery flames of hot conſuming fiers,
The *Sunne* for ſhame his glorious face retires;
All to grow darke, the ſinging birds to weepe,
To ſee *man* brought thus to his lateſt ſleepe,
The *Furies* looſe the Diuels from Hell to roule,
Aboue the Earth gaping for this thy Soule?
How canſt thou thinke to hide thy curſed deede,
When as the *Foules* within the *Aire* which breede,
The creatures all preſented to thy ſight,
Will murthers ſhew and bring the truth to light.

Nemeſis the Goddeſſe of Reuenge. Acts 28. 4.

Great *Nemeſis* the Lady of the skyes,
Without a Maske before her nimble eyes,

On

On *Pegaſus* the Horſe of *Fame* doth ride,
With *Iuſtice* Sword cloſe to her valliant ſide,
Scowres through the *Aire* iuſt at that inſtant time,
When as the ſteame of *Habels* bloud did clime,
Vp to the Heauens like to a ſmoke aſcending, simile.
The Clouds in ſunder all betearing, rending,
Caſts downe her lookes vpon his crimſon *bloud*,
Beholds the gore like to a ſtreaming floud:
No longer ſtayes but mounteth vp the Throne, Simile.
Of God aboue making a fearefull mone,
Tells all the cauſe diſcouereth this thy deede,
Deſires iuſt *Iudgement* on thy ſelfe and ſeede,
Imploreth all the ſacred powers diuine,
That they would now but with her ſelfe combine,
And grant her leaue to take *Reuenge* on this,
So foule a murther as thy fact now is.

Behold a *voyce* downe from the God of might,
Reuenger of the poore mans cauſe and right, Rom. 12. 19.
That ſeldome ſleepes but in the *Heauens* he heares,
The wrongs, oppreſſions, mournefull cryes and teares,
Of *Innocents* by greatneſſe ouerſway'd,
By *Guile* and *Treaſon* oftentimes betray'd,
Brought to their ends by the malicious guilt,
Of *Enuious* men that others bloud haue ſpilt,
Waſted their *State*, conſum'd their lands and life,
Swallow'd their goods, contending ſtill in ſtrife.

The *ſacred voyce* out from a thunder-clap,
Of dradfull *lightnings* at that hard miſhap,
Thus ſpake to *Caine* hard by that fatall place,
Where *Habels* bloud lay couered in that caſe,
With clods and moulds as euen but late I told,
By that vile *Wretch* ouer his body rold,

" Come tell me *Caine* the thing I ſhall demand,
" Seeke not to hunt, on no excuſes ſtand,
" Halt not before me as of late thou didſt,
" When a falſe heart vnder thy coate thou hidſt,
" What mad'ſt thou heere thus wandring all alone,
" Where is thy brother, whither is he gone?
" What is become of *Habel*, lou'd thee deare,
" That next thy Parents was to thee more neare,
" Then all the World, and all that therein moued,
" Whoſe faithfull *mind* thy preſence euer loued.

The graceleſſe *Villaine* impudently bold,
As if he ſcorn'd of God to be controld,
Or ask't a queſtion from that heauenly lip,
This anſwere ſtraight out of his mouth let ſlip:
I cannot tell, for what haue I to doe,
To take account of *Habell* yea or no,
Or in his preſence to be tyde to ſtay,
Within the fields as heretofore to play,
Tis like enough if that the *Sun* had ſhin'd,
About the foulds you might him chance to find,
It may be that hee's feeding of his ſheepe,
Vpon the *downes* or fallen faſt aſleepe,
Or elſe you may go looke a little deeper,
How can I tell, am I my brothers keeper,

" Blaſphemous *Wretch*, what haſt thou done, quoth God,
" Art not afraid of my reuenging *Rod*,
" But thus to ſpill thy deereſt brothers blood,
" Vpon the *ground* in thy inhumane moode?
" Why (*Varlet*) haſt thou to my face belide,
" How canſt thou thinke thy fact from me to hide,
" When as the bloud of this thy Brother ſhed,
" For *Vengeance* iuſt vpon thy murdering head?

Cryde

"Cryde from the *Earth* making a fearefull moane,
"With pitteous ſhreeks aſcended vp my throne,
"That downe I came from *heauen* aboue with ſpeed,
To giue thee *Iudgement* for thy damned deed.

"Curſt therefore art thou in thy chiefeſt worth,
"Curſt from the *heauens*, and curſt from all the *Earth*,
"That kindneſſe ſhewd her mouth hath opened wide,
"Within her *wombe* thy brothers *blood* to hide,
"Hereafter now when thou the *ground* ſhalt till,
"It ſhall not yeeld nor yet thy barnes ſhall fill:
"With that encreaſe which heretofore it gaue,
"To thy content that thou deſirdſt to haue.
"A *vacabond* vpon the ſpatious face
"Of all the *earth*, *Roming* from place to place
"With euery *Raſcall* thou ſhalt now cologue,
"Baſe *Runnagate*, no better then a *Rogue*,
"Thy dayes ſhall waſte, thy glaſſe ſhall hourely run,
"Vntill the thread of this thy life be ſpun,
"*Content* with *peace*, *quiet*, thou ſhalt haue neuer:
"A *Seared* conſcience ſhall torment thee euer:
"And in the end euen in thy fearefull ſight,
"Hels *Furies* curſt before thy face ſhall light,
"The damned *diuels* with all their hideous rout,
"Shall wind thee in, hemming thy *Soule* about,
"Attending on thee till thine eyes be ſhut,
"And ſo deuoure thee in their greedy gut.

The ſturdy *villaine* with theſe laſt words ſtroke,
In woefull feare his heart is welnigh broke,
Deſpairing quite of any helpe at all,
To this ſad ſpeech doth (moſt prophanely) fall.
O who ſhall rid me from theſe torments fell,
Hacht in the *Bowels* of the deepeſt *Hell*,

Nurc't in my *breſt*, harbourde within my *hart*,
That now I feele much to my paine and ſmart,
The *Furies* (damn'd) about my head I heare,
My puniſhment is more then I can beare.
A *vacabond* I am caſt out this day,
Both from the *earth*, and from thy face for aye,
I ſhall be hid from all the world beſide,
Wretch that I am, which know not where to bide:
My *Father*, *friends*, will euer after hate
The foule diſaſter of my enuious *fate*,
And whoſoeuer finds me one or other,
Will murder me, as I haue done my brother.

The voyce (*Diuine*) left him not thus alone
In *Deſperation*, making of his mone;
But from the *Clouds*, yet once againe it ſpake,
Perchance for *Habel*, or his *Fathers* ſake:
Goe where thou wilt, for he that dares to lay
Reuenging hands vpon thy head, for aye,
Vpon the *earth*, to murder, ſlay or kill,
Which in his *wrath* ſhall ſeeke thy *blood* to ſpill,
That *damned* wreth both in his goods and fame,
In life and death, and all that thou canſt name;
Euen in his lands, his basket and his ſtore:
That man (I ſay) I le puniſh *ſeuen* times more.
Becauſe thou ſhalt not need that thing to feare,
My badge (*diuine*) for euer thou ſhalt weare,
A fearefull *Signe*, which whoſoere ſhall eye
But in thy face, my dradfull *Iudgements* ſpye,
Shall ſee and know that I haue markt thy hide,
And *branded* thee from all the *world* beſide.

Great (powerfull God) *Creator* of this Ball,
The *heauens* and *earth* the *firmaments* and all,

How

How good art thou, in euery action iuſt?
Thou *Habels* blood beholdeſt in the duſt;
Com'ſt downe below, examinſt firſt the deed,
To *Iudgement* then thou doſt at large proceed;
And leſt the ſame might chance neglected bee,
Thou doſt thy ſelfe the *execution* ſee:
Searing *Cains* conſcience, body, heart and liuer
And marking him (as now I tolde) for euer.
Yet (*holy Father*) let vs know the pith,
The *Badge* and *Signe* that thou didſt *brand* him with.

Some men there be which thinke the marke of *Caine*,
Was that foule, horrid, irkeſome, fearefull paine,
Scabd *Leproſie*, or wofull falling *Euill*,
As if poſſeſſed with ſome *ſpirit* or *Diuell*:
Or ſhiuering, ſhaking of his ſturdy ioynts,
That euery way his body reels and poynts,
Feares, quauers, trembles in that dradfull caſe,
As moſt of vs haue ſeene before our face:
Or ſome ſuch thing apparant to ech eye,
That euery man may his foule fact eſpye,
Yet what it was, who ſound this vaſte *abbiſſe*,
When *Reaſon* blinde leades euery man amiſſe.

Tis true, the world in euery *States* Dominion,
Is now of this, and then of that opinion;
For none aliue (which on the *Earth* do well)
Can ſhew what 'twas, or yet for certaine tell,
But by coniecture (likelyeſt) to be gueſt,
The *ground* and ſum of all mens *Iudgements* beſt,
Reueald by ſtudie in the *Arts* diuine,
To all the *Sifters*, learned *Muſes* nine,
That *Cains* moſt fearefull puniſhment and marke,
For raking vp his brother in the darke;

Was

Was that his skin was all to *blackenesse* turn'd,
simile. Like to a *Coale* within the fire halfe burnd.

Ah curſed *Caine* the ſcourge of all thy Race,
Now thou haſt got a blacke and murdring face,
For God aboue (in *Iuſtice*) hath ordaind,
Thy ofspring all ſhould to this day be ſtaynd,
Vnto the griefe and terror of their *Soules*,
For laying *Habel* in could duſty mouldes:
No other cauſe the *world* could euer tell,
To make them looke as if they came from hell,
Amongſt the *diuels* at euery ſtep to ſtart,
The fatall place where thou (vile wretch) now art.

Some haue alledg'd out of their brains and wit,
Alex Frob, Celius Rhod. The *Sun* himſelfe to be the cauſe of it,
That in the hot and torrid burning *Zone*,
Vnder the line there *Phaeton* alone
Muſt driue his Cart and teame a little hire,
Or elſe againe the *world* would be on fire,
The heate extreame their bodyes doth enflame,
Their fleſh it parches, and their ſtomackes tame,
Their blood it drics, their humors all aduſt,
As if their skin were ouergrowne with ruſt:
If this be true, how is it that there bee
In *Africa*, *America*, to ſee
Vnder the *line* both people white and faire,
As many men that now in *Europe* are,
There borne and bred by courteous *Natures* lawes,
A pregnant *Signe* that cannot be cauſe.

Againe, the *Sun* with labour great and paine,
If that the *line* but once he doth attaine,

Though

Though to the *Earth* he ſeemeth ſomewhat nigher,
Yet in his *Sphearo* he's mounted farre more higher,
More temperate there, the people liue and well,
Then do the men vnder the *Tropicks* dwell,
And *twice* a yeere he vſeth there to burne,
When once a yeere (i'th *Tropicks*) ſerues his turne.

And other men haue other Reaſons found,
To ſhew the cauſe which to like purpoſe ſound:
There be that ſay, the dryneſſe of the Soile,
May be the cauſe that doth their bodies foyle,
To make them looke worſe then a Colliers Elfe, simile.
Much like the Diuell and curſed *Caine* himſelfe,
From top to toe, from heade vnto the foote,
As if with greaſe they were beſmeard and ſoote.

Vnto ſuch men I would but know and try,
If the *Libian* deſarts be not far more dry,
Whoſe people parch't, the very *Sun* doth roſt,
Yet are they *white* or *tawny* at the moſt,
The want of water with the *Sun* and *Sand*,
May be the cauſe that they ſo much are tand:
But yet in *Negro* land the people haue,
Of water ſtore in euery ditch and Caue:
For *Niger* great, euen from his very fource,
Iuſt through the midſt hath euer kept his courſe,
And all the land on euery ſide and round,
Euen like to *Nilus* ouerflowes the ground,
The drineſſe of their Reaſon we may waue,
Becauſe tis knowne they water plenty haue.

Thoſe that aſcribe it proper to the *Earth*,
And ſee vs there euen from our very birth,

How we and they are borne within one place,
And we are *white*, and they are *black* and baſe,
May ſit them downe and well may take a pauſe,
To thinke with vs that cannot be the cauſe.

And ſome there be which to this day affirme,
That tis the *blackneſſe* of the *Parents* ſperme,
To be the cauſe and for a ground it take,
But how came they ſo cloſe a ſearch to make?
If it be *black*, which ſome men haue denide,
How came it ſo Imprinted on their hide,
That in their *youth* iuſt in their prime and bud,
Then is their skin as red as any bloud?
And in their age when periſht is their ſight,
From top to toe they are all *yellow* quight,
And if you try to throw one in a ditch,
To waſh him white, hee'le be as black as pitch.

Others there be aboue the clouds do fly,
To ſearch the ſecrets of their deſtiny,
Whoſe wits and learning ſure muſt wander farre,
To a *Conſtellation* or ſome fixed *Starre*,
I would the cauſe they would vnto vs teach,
And not to flye to farre aboue our reach,
Vntill which time I ſhall be well content,
To thinke it was Gods righteous puniſhment,
On curſed *Caine*, and all his of-ſpring lewd,
For doing that which I before haue ſhew'd.

I muſt confeſſe vpon the vpper face,
Of this wide *Ball* almoſt in euery place,
Variety we ſee in ſtrange attire,
Complexion, *Colour*, *Nature* and *Deſire*,

Shape,

Shape, geſture, face, the belly, limbs and back,
But none more differ then the *white* from *black*,
The *Indian* borne there where the *Sun* doth riſe,
Is paleſaſt (*Aſhey*) with red flaming eyes,
The *American* which we but late haue ſeene,
Is *Oliue* coloured of a ſad *french* greene,
The *Libian* dusky in his parched skin,
The *More* all tawny both without and in,
The *Southerne* man, a black deformed Elfe,
The *Northerne* white like vnto God himſelfe:
And thus we ſee, euen ſtill vpon the earth,
God ſhewes his *workes* both in our liues and birth.

The fatall place where *Habels* bloud was ſhed, Eſay. 7. 8.
Is call'd *Damaſcus*, *Arams* chiefeſt head,
Iem of the Earth, the eye of all the Eaſt,
Pearle of the World, where *Iupiter* did reſt,
In *Siria* Land, the goodlieſt Citty ſeene,
And ſiſter to (*Ieruſalem*) the Queene,
Sweete *Parragon*, a royall *Empreſſe* borne, Ezc. 23. 4
That all the World with glory didſt adorne,
Vntill the ſecond *Habels* deereſt bloud,
Ran downe thy ſtreetes like to a crimſon floud, Simile.
Then was thy fields with bloud and ſlaughter dide, Titus in Ioſep.
And made the *Stage* to all the *World* beſide, & Adri.
Whereon fierce *Tyrants* in their barbarous hearts, Aelius.
With murdring minds haue acted all their parts.

So hath *Damaſcus* ſeldome beene at reſt,
Whoſe fatall *name* bewrayes her bloudy breſt,
When *Benhadad*, *Hazael*, *Rezin*, fierce, 2. King 16 9.
The ſcarlet ſinewes of her *Heart* did pierce,
There were the *Tyrans* murthered by the Blade,
Of *Iupiter*, that all their army laid,

In such a sleepe as till the *Earth* be shak't,
By powre *diuine* will neuer more be wak't,
Great *Babilon*, the Tyrant of the *East*,
The *Sarazens* and *Ægypt* in her pierst,
Braue *Pompey* wan it in sad mournefull sort,
And *Tamberlaine*, he made them all amort;
Ierusalem, which lou'd her deerely well,
Euen in her streetes hath tol'd her passing Bell.
Haalon, the Tartar in his lowring warre,
Within her bowels made a fearefull skarre:
The *Persian*, *Grecian*, *Christian*, *Romane* last,
The cruell *Turkes* haue all their fortunes cast,
And fill'd the Ayre with pitteous shreikes and grones,
Piling vp heapes of dead mens *Skuls* and bones,
As if the place where *Habels* bloud was laid,
The buriall *ground* of all the *World* were made.

Ch. Adricom. Theatrum terræ sanct.

Simile.

Euen as the bloud of deere *Adonis* slaine,
By cruell *Mars*, faire *Venus* loue to gaine,
Stain'd all the ground, bedyde the crimson graue,
That powers *diuine* willing his worth to saue,
From darke *Oblivions* black forgetfull night;
Which smothers all in silence from the light,
With *Nature* ioyn'd to bring forth such a signe,
As shall for euer to all Ages shine,
In memory of that detested fact,
Which murthering *Mars* did in his fury act:
Vpon the body of that louely youth,
Though some perhaps will hardly thinke it truth,
But rarher by the ancient *Poets* fain'd,
Yet they I say haue to this day ordain'd,
That from the bloud of deere *Adonis* young,
The *Safron* flowers of all the *Earth* first sprung.

So

So may I say that from the *scarlet* blood
Of *Habel* shed, like to a *crimson* flood
Within the midst of rich *Damasco* plains,
When *Caine* vnkindly past out all his braines.
It pleased *God* to his immortall *Fame*,
That still the *Soyle* should testifie the same
With fragrant *flowres*, adorning all the ground,
As no where else in all the *world* is found:
That some haue thought by this vile deed accurst,
The *Damaske Rose* sprang from his graue at first.

Ah dearest *Muse*, here in this world of woes,
Mongst *Tigres* fell, and cruell barbarous foes,
Prodigeous men, (*Inhumain*) in their minds,
Deuouring *Beasts* that all to powlder grinds
The *Infants* face, the *Innocent* to hurt,
The *Lambe* to teare, and throw him in the durt.
How blest are we, which haue such wholesome lawes,
To keepe vs safe out from the murdring pawes
Of *rancorous* men, that in their deadly rage
Would (else no doubt) straight shorten all our *age*,
By *macerating* blowes to wound and braine,
And spill our *blood*, as did that damned *Caine*.

But yet we cannot say, that we liue free
From as fowle *sinnes*, and hatefull treacherie:
Now Murders, Treasons, *enuious* deeds begun,
Must close be kept, and priuately be done.
We diue to *Hell* and sound the deepest pits,
Ransacke the *Graues*, and vse our vtmost wits
To find a *Diuel*, or some small sugred *Gall*
To witch a friend, or *poyson* him withall:
Or else perchance, if we do hap to faile,
As some there be, will not set all to sale:

Yet that which *curbes* them from this *damned* vſe,
I meane the *Law*, how do they it abuſe,
Making the ſame the poore mans feet to tye,
The *inſtrument* of all their *villanie*?

How are ſome men by *greatneſſe* ouerſwayd,
Their *Liues*, *Lands*, *Goods*, and *all* they haue betrayd:
The *Foote-ball* made, toſt vp and downe by foes,
Turmoyld and vext, plung'd in a *world* of woes,
Neuer at *Peace*, forc't all their *ſtate* to ſell,
Vnfortunate by *enuious* men to dwell:
Clapt vp in *Priſon*, all their dayes to ſpend
In wrangling, Iangling, brangling to noe *end*.
There is the *Law* where *Purſes* well are linde,
To wrong the *weake* to ſatisfie their minde,
The louing *Wife*, the ſelfe ſame courſe muſt run,
The *Children* ſmall all vtterly vndone.
When once mans *heart* infected is with *gall*,
How doth it then to all foule *vices* fall?
Baines the whole houſe, leauing them all forlone,
Much better farre if they were neuer borne:
Then here to liue (ſubiected) toyld with paine,
But neare the dore to ſome fell *enuious Caine*.

Yet *ſacred Muſe*, euen in this mortall life,
The *Iudgement*, iuſt of thoſe delight in ſtrife:
Thou often ſeeſt vpon their *heads* to fall,
Some breake their *neckes* off from their horſe and all,
And ſome there be which wanting of their will,
Haue ſought themſelues their owne heart blood to ſpill,
With *Poyſon* ſtrong haſtned their way to death,
Or with a *Rope* ſtrangled their cruell breath:
Vſde all ill meanes to make away their liues
To *childrens* griefe and terrour of their *wiues*,

Rauing

Rauing, inuoaking, all the *Damned* fiends,
That all the *world* takes notice of their ends.

Others there be that toucht before their death,
With ſome remorſe lye languiſhing in breath:
Out of this life cannot at all depart,
Till they haue crau'd forgiuenſſe from their heart,
To eaſe their *ſoule* their conſcience ouer pang'd,
Haue ſent for thoſe whom they before haue wrong'd
Confeſt the *Truth* deſirde them all to pray
To *God* aboue for to be pleaſde to lay
No further torments, (*Iudgements*) full of feare,
Vpon their *backes* then they can welnigh beare.

Thoſe that run on their current with the tide,
And all their life in *enuious* courſes bide:
Deare Muſe thou knowſt their lowring daye is neere,
When pale fac't *death* ſhall to their eyes appeare.
Then ſhall the *diuell* take them within his powre,
With gaſtly lookes euen at that diſmall howre:
To tring their *ſoules* in euerlaſtling woes,
Heauens iuſt *Reward* for all *damn'd enuious* foes.

Meane while the *Ioyes* that are layd vp aboue,
For thoſe delight in quiet *Peace* and *Loue*,
Which haue bin wrongd with *Patience* much enurde
Earths ſtormy *brunts* haue to their paine endurde,
That yet do liue ſuffring the wofull ſmart,
Vexation, griefe, trouble of mind and hart,
And to their end like *Chriſtian* Martyrs bold,
Holde on their *Race*, as I before haue told,
How is there in the *Heauens* aboue the *line*,
A ſacred *Crowne* of pureſt *gold* moſt fine,

In-

Inlayd with *Iems* and orient *Pearles* of worth,
Iam. 1. 12. More richer farre then all vpon this *Earth*,
Reu. 2. 10. Preseru'd for those, and layd vp safe in store,
When all their foes must stand without the dore,
In endlesse paines with all the *Diuels* of hell,
And they with *God* aboue the clouds shall dwell,
Possessing there this conquering *crowne* of life,
Free from all care, vexation, trouble, strife.

To muster here vpon a *Sacred* stage,
The Murders, Treasons, Plots in euery age,
Iniurious dealings, treacherous actions, base,
Sly cunning *traps* to grind the poore mans face,
Vexations, wrongs, fell viperous proiects vile,
As bad and worse then those which do defile,
Their fowle blacke hands in Christian *crimson* blood,
Waste others *State* to do themselues no good:
The damned *rout* of hell spurd *Furies* curst,
That from *Caines* fact tooke all beginning first,
Would tire my *Muse*, and weary all your eares,
Amaze your thoughts, and fill you full of feares:
With *Wonder* strike you as a man halfe dead,
And set your haire vpright vpon your head,
To see since first this *world* by God was fram'd,
The *enuious* deeds not fitting to be nam'd:
But *Time* diuider of ech day from night,
Will all disclose and bring the *Truth* to light,
Successiuely shall lay them open all,
Iust as *Occasion* in my way may fall.

Meane while (deare *Muse*) let vs retire againe,
To shew the life of cursed enuious *Caine*:
And tell what course after this deed he tooke,
How round about on euery side his looke

Was

Was fearefull gazing, leaſt his fathers eye
Might glance that way, and ſo the fact eſpye,
And ſee Gods iudgement on his branded skin,
His blacke foule face for this vile murdring ſin.

Aſham'd, and ſhameleſſe barbarous wretch vnkind,
From thence he goes, leaues *Habel* dead behind:
Steales out away, and pryes in euery nooke,
For feare his fact ſhould be bewraid by's looke:
At length by chance as he was lingring late,
He finds his *ſiſter* by his fathers gate,
Takes her away, euen in the euening darke,
As doth a *Kite* a ſimple harmleſſe *Larke*, simile.
And when (*Alas*) ſhe could not well deſcrye
His foule blacke colour by her clowded eye.

His ſpeech ſhe knew, which made her willing more
To leaue her *Iewels*, kindred, and her ſtore,
And go with him then all the reſt beſide:
She little thought his hands with blood were dide. Simile.
All night they walkt, talking of this and that,
She louely fayre, he like an vgly *Bat*
That ſhuns the light, is neither bird nor beaſt,
Of both partakes, (a *monſter*) at the leaſt:
Or like to thoſe that in our dayes do hie,
From vs to *Rome*, from thence againe do flye,
And little care ſo they may haue their will,
Mens *Soules*, their *Liues*, their *State* and all to ſpill,
As was the caſe of that damn'd murdring rout,
Which from *Hels* bowels brought their *treaſons* out,
Vntill at laſt with wandring weary growne,
And want of ſleepe together both lay downe,
Whilſt he euen then, layes open all his mind,
Tels her his *loue* he mindes with hers to binde,

That ſhe ſhall be the *Obiect* of his eye,
His darling deare from her to neuer flye,
By meanes of which adulterous flattring wilde,
Inceſtuouſly he gets her there with childe.

But when *Aurora*, glory of the *World*,
Heauens candle bright about the *Earth* had purld,
And but began to ſhew a burniſht face
Vpon theſe two, in that polluted place:
From ſlumbring ſleepe his *Siſter* ſodaine wakt,
Starts vp and cryes, moſt fearefully ſhe quakt,
So foule a ſight by her was neuer ſeene,
Thinking the *diuell* in ſhape of *Caine* had beene:
Vpright ſhe ſtands, her hayre vpon her head,
Rowzd in the *light* from her adulterous bed,
Faine would ſhe run (wiſhing her ſelfe at home)
Curſing the *Time* when ſhe from thence did come,
And glad would be no longer here to ſtay,
But that from thence ſhe knew not well the way.

Like to a *Lady* in an euening darke,
Walking alone within her pleaſant *Parke*,
Thinking to meet her louing husband deere,
Her father, brother, or ſome welcome Peere;
Is by a *villaine* ſuddenly ſurpriſde,
In ſhape, ſpeech, geſture all of them diſguiſde:
Carryed away, traynd on a long to walke,
Miſdoubts no *hurt* in all his trecherous talke,
But freely ſpends the ſable lowring night,
Her ioyes, toyes, pleaſures in her *loues* delight,
Vntill the morning of the day appeares,
Draws wide heauens *Curtain*, all the skies it cleares,
And makes her ſee how ſhe hath bin miſled,
By folly, *guile*, brought to an vnknowne bed:

Weeps

Weeps, mourns, laments, teareth her *Amber* hayres,
Raues, frets, and *grieues*, as one diſtracted ſtares.
That once her body louely *chaſte* and pure,
Should now be ſtaind thus by a *wretch* impure;
And that her *corpes* when *Heauens* bright Candle winkt,
Should be but found cloſe to a *Monſter* linkt.

So may we iudge was this young *Virgins* caſe,
Traynd (as I told you) from that *louely* place,
Where *father, friends*, acquaintance all ſhe had,
To caſt her *fortunes* on a *Varlet* bad:
Damn'd *homicide*, dame *Natures* vglyeſt marke,
To be betrayd thus trecherouſly i'thdarke:
The vnblowne *Roſe* defended by the thorns,
Vermillion bluſh that both her cheeks adorns,
Chaſte, modeſt thoughts to giue the *ſoule* content,
When theſe ſhall be all ech in ſunder rent,
Deflowr'd, defac't, by *treaſon* cropt and ſtaind,
To haue i'th'end none but a *Mungrell* gain'd.

Thus in a maze aſtoniſht all the while,
Caine looketh vp, and on her face doth ſmile,
Gently entreats, perſwades her not to feare,
The *Sun* burnt colour that his skin did beare:
Tels her his face was nothing elſe but tan'd,
With walking much about his new plow'd land:
And that the colour on his face which lay,
Would cleane be waſht and skowred all away.

She him beleeues, and ſo from thence they went,
Like *Vagubonds* without a paſport ſent: *ſimile.*
Roming about, vntill at laſt they found,
A pleaſant, ſweet, delitious, dainty ground,
Iuſt to the *Eaſt*, hard to the lowring face
Of ſacred *Iuſtice* in that *Orient* place,

Far from their Friends, their Country, Church, and God,
To liue with eaſe within the Land of *Nod*,

Heere firſt they ſtayd, and to ſecure their ſtate.
They built a houſe of timber, ſtones and ſlate,
Turfe, Morter, Durt, and euery thing they finde,
They pile vp cloſe to keepe off ſhowers and winde,
And at the length as if they were afraid,
That afterwards their liues might be betrayd,
By ſauage beaſts, inhumane monſters fell,
Such as himſelfe hath hatch't below in Hell,
Reuengefull Tyrants, murthering men and all,
About his houſe he builds a ſpacious Wall,
And in the ſame he liues for many yeares,
His conſcience ſtuft with horrour, drad and feares,

At length his *Wife* brings forth her firſt borne child,
A bloudy Elfe, deformed fowle and wild,
Like to the *Sire*, ſo is his picture drawne, ſimile.
Brought vp to ſweare, cheate, couzen lye and fawne,
No God to know, his tongue to curſe and fret,
With enuious face, for like doth like beget,
And he againe his *ſiſter* rude doth take,
Makes choyce of her to be his onely make,
That ſhe and he and all the reſt beſide,
Which in that place within the walls did bide:
The curſed *ſpawne* of *Caines* adulterous race,
Did in ſhort time ſo ouerſwarme the place,
With multitudes of that inceſtuous rout,
Poligamy from this vile *Race* ſprang out,
That in ſeuen hundred twenty yeares and ten,
Their hatefull ſtocke grew to a world of men,

This

This was this *Age* that *Caine* did liue some say, Genebrard ex Rab. sol.
When then began his fatall lowring day,
For *Iustice* alwayes in mans life or death,
Will yet at length her flaming sword, vnsheath,
Lamech the fifth, from his own *bloud* descended,
With one hard *blow* his vitall life straight ended:
Iust *Iudgement* of the Highest euer still,
To make the *blind* to execute his will,
That though man runs vnpunisht all his dayes,
Yet in the end he payes him many wayes,
And when the least of all his time he thinkes,
Then is he caught, vnder Gods vengeance sinkes.

For as the *Rabbyes* of the *Iewes* do tell,
This monster *Caine* about these parts did dwell,
And was the first that euer City built,
Led thereunto by his fowle murthering guilt,
More to secure him in so strong a Wall,
And shun the curse then any thing at all,
Euen where sinne most of all the earth was bred,
He layes him downe and makes that place his bed,
There wallowes, tumbles, spends his aged dayes,
In wicked workes ten thousand kind of wayes;
When at the last he for a beast was slaine,
By Heauens iust Act in treacherous *Tubal-Caine*,
Guiding the hand of *Lamech* being blind,
To murther *Caine* against his fathers mind,
And *Tubal-caine* had his iust *Guerdon* paid,
For *Lamech* struck him that all dead he laid,
His bleeding corps vpon the cold greene ground,
What they wrought others, they themselues haue found.

The City *Caine* by *Henocks* name did call,
His eldest Sonne whom most he lou'd of all,

Some say the same by *Lsbanus* was fram'd,
But afterwards by others (*Oenus* nam'd)
And some affirme the building *Iesca* leed,
Great *Iebab Mauly* were his only deede,
And *Tebe*, *Celet*, Cities sixe in number,
Were raiz'd by him with such a world of lumber,
As in our dayes those that behold the place,
May see their ruines in *Caines* wofull case.

You Cities all, how were you fram'd at first?
But in the sin of wicked *Caine* accurst,
Was not your Morter tempered with the bloud,
And slaughter vile of righteous *Abel* good?
Is not the Earth her bowels rent and torne,
Your walls to build and lofty towers adorne?
Great *Thetis* lap is all beslic't and cut,
To bring forth treasures in your wombs to put;
The lofty *Ceders*, Timber Trees of worth,
Are hack't downe flat, and leuel'd with the earth,
Base gold and siluer that mans mind appals,
Where doth it rust but in your cankred walls?
How are your streetes with *Parasides* bepestred,
With noysome Air (contagious) fowly festred,
So banefull growne, that from you, all or some,
Hels Antechrist the Prince of Diuels shall come.

Dan. 7. 8. So *Babilon* the tyrant of the earth,
And *Rome* Vsurper since her Popish birth,
How were they built but in the crimson gore,
Of thrice ten millions of mens soules and more,
Nimrod the hunter of Gods fearefull flock,
First raiz'd that Tower which seem'd the heauens to mock
By tyranizing on the feeble weake,
As in my worke hereafrer I shall speake,

And

And *Romulus* the monster of his age
How did he murther in his barbarous rage,
His brother *Remus*, in whose scarlet bloud,
Rome first was built by *Tybers* treacherous floud,
And since the sincke of superstition made,
For euery wretch within her walls to trade,
Idoll of *Nature* sprang at first from hell,
As afterwards I shall haue cause to tell,

But what make we (deare Muse) within the walls,
Of traiterous Townes and Cities full of braules,
Where nothing sauours wholesome, sweete and faire,
But earthly bad to putrifie the Ayre,
Let vs retire into the country coates,
To heare Heauens birds to chirp ten thousand notes,
About the woods on euery side along,
Sweete *Nightingales* to warble forth their song,
The *Lennet*, *Larke*, the *Blackbird*, *Thrush* and all,
How night and day their smooth sweete tunes do call,
Melodiously vnto the God of fame,
To sound forth prayses to his glorions name,
And where our Grandsire *Adam* last was left,
When *Caine* his brother of his life bereft.

Whether the Soule of *Habels* body slaine,
By the curst hand of treacherous damned *Caine*,
His Genius *spirit Angell, bloud*, or *Saint*,
Or God himselfe did *Adam* first acquaint,
With the sad newes of this so vile a deede,
Or that suspicion in his *brest* might breede,
Abroad he walkes, and findes the bleeding quarre,
Of *Habell* slaine vnder a fatall starre,
Weepes and laments, grieues to haue lost his sonne,
Caine, *Daughter*, *Brother* all of them vndone,

He

He louing Father piles a wondrous heape,
Simile. (*Colloſſus* like,) of maſſy ſtones not cheape,
And with much care his dying name to ſaue,
Builds a huge *Mount* vpon his *crimſon* graue,

From thence as one diſtracted for the time,
With deepe conceit of this ſo foule a crime,
Surcharg'd with *ſorrow*, ouergrowne with griefe,
He hates the place as Author of it chiefe,
And with his *Wife* and all his children left,
He bids *adieu* vnto the ground and wept,
Trauels along like to a *Pilgrim* poore,
Or as a *Hermit* with ſmall litlle ſtore;
Simile. Till at the laſt, it was their chance to ſtay,
In *Canaan*, and there their bones to lay,
As in this rugged, ragged, rurall verſe,
I hope ere long (*diuinely*) to rehearſe.

Seth borne. But ſacred *Muſe*, here we muſt ſtay awhile,
And with *Sethes* birth the poſting time beguile,
That ſweete borne Babe of Heauen it ſelfe befriended,
From whom the Church is lineally deſcended,
Iuſt as a hundred twenty yeares and ten,
Of *Adams* age into this world of men,
He was begat, *Tipe* of that pron i t *Lambe*,
To ſaue the *World*, into the *World* firſt came,
Preaching *Repentance* all our liues to mend,
Whoſe Gouernment ſhall neuer earthly end,
Vntill the Trumpet in the skyes ſhall ſound,
To ſummon ſoules from their dead ſleepe i'th ground:

How did the Heauens euen in his infant birth,
Reioyce and dance about the *Ball* i'th earth,

Me-

Melodiously their sacred *Organs* went,
To see young *Seth* into the World thus sent,
In Minor yeeres their fortunes on him showred,
And on his head their deerest blessings powred,
Enduing him with towardnes and wit,
That on his temples all the Arts did sit,
About his Browes the Lawrell wreath haue wound,
As the first man that euer letters found,
How did the *Saints* at this thy Fortune smile,
" True *Isralite* in whom there is no guile. Ioh. 1.47.

Thy manly dayes they were not ouersway'd, Gen. 4.26.
With fond conceits but in Religion stay'd, Chap. 5.34.
Enuy, *Opression*, *Lust*, and *Ranine* base,
Within thy heart could neuer find a place,
Nor yet the thought of any deede vnkind,
Could once be found to harbour in thy mind,
But full of peace like to thy father deare,
Or God himselfe in all his workes most cleare; Simile.
So art thou blest to bring forth such a Sonne,
From whom the Church successiuely must runne,
True Picture of thy Body Mind and Thought,
Enoch the man to God himselfe that brought, Enoch borne.
Thee sacred flock which wandring almost lame,
And taught them first to call vpon his Name,
By prayer, preaching, Heauen blest deerest *Muse*,
Which on the Sabaoth they did dayly vse.

Yet some do say the Church againe did fall,
In this mans dayes to wicked vices all, Brough. Mart.
That *Sethes* great sonne, and all his future Race, Luther.
Did now begin (*dumb Idols*) to imbrace, Caluin.
And that their rites and sacrifices slaine, Tremelius.
Were all intended vnto *Charles* his waine, Perecius vpon Gen. 4.26.

The Sunne and Moone, the Starres about this border,
As blind Deuotion led them out of order.

Yet *Enoch* deere, my *Muse* can hardly thinke,
Nor can it once within my Braines to sinke,
But that the *Plant* from whence rose Christ his flock,
Did yeeld forth fruit according to the stock,
And that the line from whence the Church is sprung,
But that must be vnspotted, chast and young,
Cleane, vndefiled, pure in euery part,
In *Ages* all according to the Hart:
Euen in the time when *Adam* and *Wife*,
Liu'd both in peace, deuoid of care and strife,
And *Seth* their Sonne though all the rest were bad,
Yet he the knowledge of the Godhead had,
And taught it thee to leaue vnto thy seede,
By which thy soule did hourely on it feede:
Vntill the last of this thy Glasse was runne,
Then didst thou dye and leftst in thy sonne,
And so from thence in euery Age it past,
Till *Noahs Arke* was on the waters cast,
Successiuely from whence it after went,
Till Christ himselfe vpon the Earth was sent,
And that the *Crosse* (with crimson bloud) was dide,
To pay the sinnes of all the world beside;
With such a Ransome of eternall fame,
As euermore must alwayes blaze his Name,
From whence the *Church* now in her latest night,
In many a place yet hath her Candle light.

Full ninty yeares thou liuedst at the least,
Kenan born: When *Kenan* was conceiued in the brest,
Of thy deare Spouse and thou wast all the while,
Quight out of hope, not seene at once to smile,

In

In diſperation as a man forlorne,
Till thy firſt Babe into the World was borne,
Thy name bewraying of thy diſcontent,
When *Kenan* he to glad thy heart was ſent,
And made thee Father of a thriuing ſonne,
Whoſe actions all vnto thy mind did run.

Heat the age of threeſcore yeares and ten,
(In *Dauids* dayes, the dying age of men)
Did then beget great *Mahalaleel* young,
A ſweete fac't Imp with nimble pleaſing tongue,
Whoſe whole delight was working euer ſtill,
To prayſe the Lord and execute his will:
Whilſt by examples void of enuious guile,
By ſmooth ſweete preaching in a goulden ſtile,
And beating downe *Oppreſſion*, *Pride* and *Hate*,
The *Churches* eyes he did illuminate.

Pſal. 90. 10.
Mahalaleel. borne.

Iuſt at the age of threſcore yeares and fiue,
Adam and *Eue* yet being both aliue,
Great *Mahalaleel* ſonne of *Kenan* paſt,
He *Iared* brings into the world at laſt,
Whoſe whole delights were all to goodneſſe bent,
As if that he was from the clouds downe ſent,
To cheere vp *Eue* and *Adam* in their Caues,
And comfort them vnto their happy graues.

Iared borne.

He long time liues the chaſteſt man of all,
Loues darts were throwne but at a brazen wall,
Vntill at length it ſanke into his breſt,
The *Churches* Line vpon his Race ſhould Reſt.
Then doth he pauſe, and vnto marriage goe,
Iuſt at a hundred threeſcore yeares and two,
And in the ſtrength of this his body high,
Begat a child which neuer liu'd to dye.

Enoch borne. *Enoch* the ſeuenth that euer yet was bred,
Gen.6.24. From whom the Church doth now deriue her head,

But *Enoch* ſtay, I cannot but admire,
The chaſt condition of thy reuerent Sire,
To liue ſo long within ſo prime an Age,
When euery obiect as a pleaſing Page,
Might rauiſh ſence, allure the chaſteſt eye,
With lookes more cleere then is the pureſt dye,
Book of Enoch And when the Angels if the Booke be true,
Came downe from Heauen their beauties all to view.

Great powerfull God what can I thinke or ſpeake,
When all my wits are for this point to weake,
But to conceiue thy glorious Angels bright,
How they can be intangled with the ſight,
And pleaſing lookes of this fond ſinfull ſex,
Though fram'd as twere out of the Virgins wax.
Yet drawne (entiſe) to euery thing is ill,
Euen as occaſion workes vnto their will.

Viues Euſeb. Lactan. I know ſome thinke their weake opinions ſound,
That in thoſe dayes few women chaſt were found,
But that *Pride, Enuy, Luſt, Diſſembling, Guile,*
Did their white hands with all foule things defile,
And that the Diuels with *Lucifer* which fell,
From Hell aroſe with woman kind to dwell:
By which their ſeede againſt (dame) *Natures* lawes,
Prodigiouſly thus mixed was the cauſe,
To bring forth Monſters in that fearefull caſe,
Eze.38.23. Huge Giants tall of *Gog* and *Magogs* Race,
Reuel.20.8. Such as not now can any where be found,
For whom the world was ſhortly after drown'd.

Others

Others there be that thinke the *Angels* bright, Tertullian. Sarazens l. 3. 5
Which then ſtood pure before the *moſt* of might,
With twelue great Princes of their royall band,
Came downe from Heauen, in *Iareds* dayes did ſtand,
Vpon the top of lofty *Hermon* Hill,
There curſt and vowd for to obtaine their will,
Vpon mens Daughters which their eyes had ſeene,
Sweete louely faire, delightfull, young and greene,
And that the *Mount* from that time forth was nam'd,
The Hill of *Hermon* as not once aſham'd,
That their foule plot to this vile *Hidra* growne,
Should by the name ſtill to this day be knowne.

Semixas great, which was their chiefeſt Prince, Book of Enoch
Diſſwaded firſt from this foule curſt offence, Iude, 6. 9. 14.
Fearing the tortures of the Angells all,
Their ſins and ſhame vpon his head would fall,
Till by *Arachiell* and the reſt all ten,
That in this place my *Muſe* is loath to pen:
He gaue conſent, and ſo from thence all went,
Euen as their minds on *Hermon* hill were bent,
But God aboue ſoone ſendeth (*Michaell*) downe,
Who binds *Semixa* with a *ſacred* frowne, Reu. 12. 7. 8, 9.
Chaines him in *hell* and all his of-ſcum *Race*,
Ties to the *hils* as Fairy *Goblins* baſe,
The reſt and all the ſelfe ſame cup do taſte,
Heauens fowre *Archangels* theſe foule fiends ſo waſte,
That all *Earths* monſters ſprong from *hell* at firſt,
Muſt by the *flood* be waſht away and curſt.

A third opinion that our *Age* doth yeeld,
In this large, goodly, ample, ſpatious field,
Amongſt the *Arabian*, *Chriſtian*, *Turke* and *Iew*,
Which ſounds to *reaſon* (likelyeſt) to be true:

Is that *Seths* iſſue from the *Church* deriued,
Though in the depth of learned *Arts* they diued,
And ſeem'd Gods Sonnes (adopted) ſweet of face,
Yet linck't themſelues in *Caines* adulterous Race,
By which their Spawne from this vile mingle mangle,
Began with *Pride* (contentiouſly) to brangle,
With griping *pawes* to ſatiate their fill,
The harmeleſſe childs poore weake mans *ſtate* to ſpill:
Moſt barbarouſly to trample on the head
Of the chaſte *Virgine* to deflowre her bed:
To feed on *gore* (inhumanly) to tare
Mans fleſh in peeces, *gnawe* his bones all bare,
And tyranize, the great to wrong the leſſe,
To act thoſe things which all the world may geſſe.

Gen. 6. 4. 5. 12. 13.

Out from this Medly ſprang thoſe Gyants firſt,
Monſters of men that made the Earth accurſt,
Baſe diueliſh minds with big aſpiring lookes,
When as a man his neighbour hardly brookes,
But ſheds his bloud ſqueeſeth the fleſh and gall,
Licks vp the gore worſe then a *Cannibali*,
Nature (prodigious) in their mungrell birth,
Made them adord, yet demy-Gods on earth:
Whilſt *feare* reſtraind the weaker men in aw,
To *Idolize* againſt her ſacred law,
They ſpend their *dayes* to treade the ſelfe ſame trace,
Or worſe if may be in this barbarous caſe,
That in the end with *Brazen* cotes of maile,
They tempt the *heauens* and ſeeke the *clouds* to ſcale,
To pull downe *God* from his triumphant throne,
By their damn'd *Pride* and *helliſh* power alone.

Thus whilſt *oppreſſion* ouerflowes the *world*,
The little men ſtill by the greater hurld,

Their

Their ſtates conſum'd, their lands and liues all ſpoyl'd,
Their cauſe (though iuſt) by greatneſſe croſt and foyl'd,
Themſelues by others (baſely) bought and ſold,
And hardly vs'd as I before haue told:
Adam he grieues at this accurſed Race,
Eue ſhe laments with diſcontented face,
Both proſtrate fall before the God of power,
To take their ſoules and ſend them happy howre.

The Author.

So deereſt *Muſe* heere in this mortall life,
That ſwarmes in troupes of thoſe delight in ſtrife,
Which neuer reſt till all my ſtate be ſpent,
But at my *Ruine* all their aime is bent,
How could I wiſh that my laſt dayes were come,
Or that my foes were Cardinals of *Rome*,
Or that my *Peace* which (almoſt) coſt the beſt,
Of Lands and Life, to liue in quiet reſt;
Were granted me, I car'd not which of all,
But in my way would (fortunately) fall,
So ſhould I reſt, no liuing man annoy,
Or to the Heauens tranſlate my ſoule with ioy.

But why do I caſt ſtones againſt the wind,
Thus to diſcloſe the ſecrets of my mind,
To waile my woes, lay open all my griefe,
My foes wiſh well as Authors of it chiefe,
And all this while no comfort yet I haue,
But ſtill fell Enuy more and more doth raue,
To wound my Soule with ſuch inueterate hate,
As murders all to ſwallow vp my State.

O pardon me, God may an Angell ſend,
To worke my *Peace*, or elſe ſome welcome friend,

Con-

Conuert my *Foes*, their *Conſcience* touch with feares,
Or bring my *Cauſe* vnto my *Souereignes* eares.
Oh then how *ioyfull* ſhall that happy howre
Be to my *Soule*, more ſweet then ſweeteſt flowre:
And glad me more then if I (*treaſures*) found,
The greateſt *Riches* on this *Earthly* ground:
My *future* life ſhall warble (*ſacred*) layes,
To *ſound* my God, and then my *Souereignes* prayſe.

But *Adam* (yet according to thy minde)
Thou doſt *Gods* loue and all his fauours finde,
Though in thy *youth* thou waſt vntimely croſt,
When *Paradiſe* was by thy folly loſt.
Thy firſt borne *ſonnes* before thine eyes both ſlaine,
Thy *daughter* ſtole, thy dayes to end in paine:
And worſt of all, that theſe vile *Monſters* baſe
Should but deſcend and come from this thy *Race*:
That thou ſhouldſt *liue* but to behold the *ſinnes*,
The wrongs, Oppreſſions, in the[illegible]nd begins,
The Horrors, Griefes, Vexations howrely fall
Vpon the heads of this thy ofspring all:
And laſt, theſe *Gyants heauens* blew vaile to rend
To treade in *blood* without all hope to mend,
Made thee deſire that thou thy wiſh mighſt haue,
To come (in *Peace*) to this thy welcome *Graue*.

God heares thy cry, and ſends his *Angels* bright,
Clad in white garments of *heauens* ſacred light,
Attir'd like *Nymphs* of chaſte *Dianaes* traine,
With gliſtring wings a *Crowne* of life to gaine,
All to be ſpangled in rich coſtly *Iems*,
From the *crowns* top, vnto their *skirts* and hems,
With *Lawrels* wreathd cloſe to their *Temples* chaſte:
And *Trumpets* dangling by ech louely waſte

Theſe all came downe thy ſorrowes to aſwage,
In thine nine hundreth thirtie yeares of *Age*,
To guard the *ſoules* both of thy ſelfe and wife
From this *worlds* care, vexation, griefe and ſtrife:
Of from the *earth*, vp to the lofty skies,
When they haue cheerd and clozd vp both thine eyes:
Then all their *Trumpets* in the ayre doth ſound,
From *Heauens* blew wall downe to the loweſt ground,
Melodiouſly about the *clouds* reſounding,
The *hils* and *dales* (with *Eccho*) all rebounding,
Till at the laſt they brought both ſafe and ſure,
Two welcome *ſoules* into *Gods* preſence pure.

Seth yet ſuruiues, grieues for his parents loſſe,
Mourns, weeps, laments, at this ſad heauy croſſe:
So he conceiues the *Loue* of two ſuch friends,
From this *worlds* poynt, vnto her vtmoſt ends:
On euery ſide of all the *Earth* and Round,
Can hardly well be parareld and found.
He ſheds ſalt teares, downe from his cheeks diſtilling,
Plaining his woes, ſhewing himſelfe vnwilling
To part with both, ſtoops downe (oft times) and kiſſes
Their dead pale lips, and from his *ſoule* he wiſhes
That his liues *blood* (deare tender hearted *Seth*)
Had gone before, and but excuſd their death.

His friends (come in) and brothers, ſiſters all,
Some cheare him vp, others to weeping fall;
Euen as we ſee the caſe (oft times) our owne,
The loſſe of friends to caſt our courage downe,
Amate our minds, and makes vs vaile our face,
Knowing that we muſt tread the ſelfe ſame trace.
Then vp they take their withered bodyes dead,
Imbalme them both, and wrap them cloſe in lead

But first with *Nitre* Orient spices meet,
And *Mummia*, *Cedar*, fragrant, rich and sweet,
They all perfume, and dresse their bodyes cold,
Then winde them vp as I (before) haue told,
And lay them (seemly) on a *Sable* Hearse,
Sad *heauenly* sight, a bleeding *heart* to pierce,
To see the *Parents* of the totall *world*
(Before their eyes) thus vp to nothing curld.



Foure of *Seths* brothers on their shoulders take,
The *Sable* trunke, and so from thence they make
Procession like, a solemne *sacred* way
To *Caluerie*, vpon our *Lady* day:
For as the *Church* doth euermore begin.
Since God *heauens* crowne for all our sakes did win,

Vpon

Vpon that day to count the *Christian* yeare,
So some still say he did mans body reare,
Out of the *dust*, iust at that instant howre,
The day and *time* in which himselfe did powre
His holy *Spirit* in the *Virgins* wombe,
And did therein the second *Adam* tombe.
And true it is that *Adam* (fram'd by God)
Liu'd yeares compleate, no months nor dayes as od,
By which we gather that that very day,
They were both buryed wrapt vp cold in clay.

The *Ceremonies* and the *sacred* Rites,
The forme and manner (all my *Sences*) cites;
Which *Seth* then vsde and holy *Henoch* pure,
Drawes on my *Muse* (as with a golden lure)
To sing the same vnto all future times,
In these rude, ragged, harsh, vnpolisht rimes::
But that my course another way must bend,
As one that trauells neare his iourneys end,
And that my *Muse* may chance for to be curst,
When this shall grow and swell beyond my first.

But yet one thing I may not ouer-slip,
And leaue the *Vales*, vp to the *Mounts* to skip:
For certaine tis that euermore the *Iew*,
Hath stedfast held his owne opinion true,
And he affirmes the likeliest place of all:
This goodly spatious, wide, delitious *Ball*,
Where *Adams* corpes was by his children laide,
Was not ith' *mount*, as late before I sayd,
But in the sweet and dainty pleasant vale
Of *Hebron* plaine, hemd in with such a Rale,
And lofty border of braue mounting Trees,
With fragrant *Flowers* to feede the hony *Bees*:

And all *Heauens* guifts vpon this holy ground,
As search the *world* the like was neuer found.

Here afterwards was *Sarahs* body layd,
Gen.23.12.4. Both *Abraham* and his sonne *Isaacke* stayd:
7.9.16.17.18. *Rebecca, Iacob, Patriarkes* and all
19.20.
Cha 25.9.10. Were here inter'd (as in a *Brazen* wall)
Cha.35.29. And many a *Iew* wrapt vp within this plaine,
cha,50.13. That till *Doomes* day shall neuer rise againe.
This is the place that *Abraham* admired,
Which more then *gold* his very *soule* desired,
And made him *purchase* on his bended knee,
That with his *Fathers* all his *seed* might bee.
And there remaine vntill the *trumpe* shall sound,
Then rise together from that holy *ground*,
And so mount vp the *throane* of *God* aboue,
And *scale* the *Heauens* vpon the wings of *Loue*.

But yet deere *Muse* amongst the dead mens graues,
With piles of *sculs* in hollow *vaults* and caues,
Ghast (fearefull) *sights*, we must no longer stay,
But post with speed to some more pleasing way,
Though all the *Earth* be but the sinke of *sin*,
For *Adams Race* to (tumble) wallow in:
Yet is it better euery way beside,
With *liuing* men then with the dead to bide.

Shew therefore now what afterwards befell,
How most men liu'd, worse then the *diuels* of hell:
In blood, oppression, feud and deadly hate,
Base cruelty to wast ech others *state*,
Making no conscience of th'eternall *Law*,
When *Adam's* dead, that kept yet some in awe:
The Father, Mother, Sister Friends and Brother,
Like treacherous Wolues deuoure vp one th' other,

Each

Each man cries out, the *little* ones as fiſhes,
Can ſcarcely *liue* to ſerue the great mens diſhes,
All ſinne abounds from poore to men of worth,
Like to a *Streame* which ouerflowes the *Earth*,
Or generall *deluge* from great *Neptunes* hand, Simile.
That on a ſudden ouerflowes the Land,
In ſuch aboundance with that powerfull ſway,
That nothing now can this maine current ſtay:
But *Heauens* great Maker of Earths totall frame,
If he diſcend and but behold the ſame,
When leaſt of all the *World* ſhall thereof dreame,
Then may he Alter, turne their tide and ſtreame.

Tis true as then they had no Law beſide,
The Law of *Nature* in their Conſcience dide,
Grauen in their hearts, and ſtamp't within their mind,
By him whoſe *Image* in our *Soules* we find,
The ſin the leſſe yet not to be excuz'd,
When God himſelfe hath in our *Breſts* infuz'd,
Both in our birth ſucceding infant youth,
His holy *Spirit* to leade vs in all *Truth*.

But yet if God ſo ſharpe a *Iudgement* tooke,
As ſhall be ſhew'd heereafter in this Booke,
Vpon theſe men the *monſters* of their time,
Whoſe hainous ſins vp to the Clouds did clime,
What may we thinke of this laſt *Age* of ours:
Wherein we liue not many dayes nor howres,
Yet we exceede the former *Ages* all,
And God to *Iudgement* ready is to call,
The Glaſſe neere run mans dated *Time* expired,
Doomes fearefull day when all things muſt befired,
Drawes neere at hand *Earths* candle light doth blinke,
When all the *World* muſt vnder *Iuſtice* ſinke;

And giue account of euery action past,
This *Age* of ours it cannot long time last.

For now *Oppression* ouer-flowes the *Earth*,
Farre more and worse then in her *Infant* birth,
Fowle *Cruelty*, *Extortion*, *Enuious* Pride,
Hypocrisie and smooth fac't sinnes beside,
Ietting and masking vnder formall Coates,
That hard it is to know the *Sheepe* from *Goates*,
The *Puritant* which hates the name of *Mammon*,
Act.2.44. Is yet content to hold mens goods in common,
And all the rest in this my tedious taske,
When *Time* shall serue I hope for to vnmaske,
Meane while *Romes* Wolfe hath entred in our *Ile*,
Deuoured some by *Craft*, *Dissembling*, *Guile*,
Base *Couetousnesse* the *monster* of our *Age*,
How doth she creepe vpon the *Graue* and *Sage*,
When Mony swayes, and *Charity* is cold,
What is it not, but some will do for gold?

O *Plague*, O *Poyson*, hateht in *Hell* below,
Thy banefull *Breath* o're all the World doth flow,
The *Earth* it selfe within her bowels pent,
Her proper *wombe* is ript for thee and rent,
The (*sacred*) lap of *Thetis* cut and slic'st,
Aboue the clouds with *Belzabub* thou fly'st,
Ier.6.13 Thou gnaw'st the minds of holy men like *Mice*,
Chap.3.10. Thy sight doth sting worse then the *Cockatrice*,
2.Pet.2.2. How hast thou spoyl'de corrupted in all Ages,
Eccluſ 40,12. The purest minds of greatest Personages?
Whose Seruants painted with foule leperous Kibes,
Now sell their *soules* and all they haue for bribes.

Like

Like curſt *Gehazies* baſe polluted pawes, simile.
Which wrong'd his God, and holy Maſters lawes, 2. King. 5. 22.
And runs apace to catch into his hands, 26, 27.
A little gold to purchaſe *Nabaoths* lands,
Perchance to hang vpon his gawdy back,
When *Wife* and *Children* ſtaru'd at home may lack,
Or elſe to ſpend in drinking *drunke* and play,
'Mongſt beaſtly *Whores* to caſt the ſame away.
But God aboue that ſpyes the inmoſt thought,
Diſcernes the *fact* which is in ſecret wrought,
Vpon the top of damn'd *Gehazies* head,
Showres downe his *Iudgements* as *Eliſha* ſaid,
And in an inſtant all his body o're,
From top to toe is peſtred with a *ſore*,
An Irkeſome *Scab* vpon his skin doth grow,
A *Leproſie* as white as any ſnow,
Nor this alone vnto his body ſticks,
Amates his mind and *feared* conſcience pricks,
But all his kindred beſt acquainted friends,
Forſake him quight and none vnto him ſends,
And to this day his *of-ſpring* and his *Race*,
Are leperous tainted in that curſed caſe.

Father of Lights, and God of Spirits all,
Power downe thy *Iuſtice* let thy *Iudgements* fall,
Vpon the hairy *Scalpes* of thoſe that *wreſt*,
Diſhoneſtly their Friends or Neighbours beaſt,
Their *goods*, their *Lands*, their liuing or their life,
Not ſatisfied, continue ſtill in ſtrife:
Great God that all the world may ſee thy good,
Taint thou their *Iſſue* of-ſpring and their *bloud*,
Theſe are the *Cankers* of the common wealth,
Baſe *Caterpillars* powling beſt by ſtealth;

That

That neuer care so they may haue their will,
Mens bloud their liues their *state* and all to spill:
If thy good pleasure sayes my prayers nay,
Thy Will be done, Lord sat them for thy day.

But holy God, what will become of those,
Which in an open publike place shall chose,
To giue *occasion* first to shew their gall,
Do call a man both this and that and all,
And afterwards shall lye vpon the catch,
Their friends estate, into their hands to snatch,
By *Deedes, Conueyance, Obligations, Bonds,*
To *wring* and *wrest*, to make them sell their Lands,
Before such time as any thing is due,
To clap vp such with *Cerberus* his crue,
In wofull prison sick to lye and rot,
Not once to ease, assawge their griefes a iot;
And all the while in *Equity* and *Right*,
There's nothing due but what is got by might,
By *Wrong, Oppression* diuelish *traps* and *guile*,
And wicked plodding in such actions vile.

Lord pardon them, forgiue their great offences,
Call once againe, illuminate their sences,
Waken their careless too secure a slumber,
Forget their faults too infinite to number,
Let them *Restore* what they haue wrongly *get*,
Else will those goods consume away and rot,
And aye the *Infant* yet vnborne will *cry*,
For *Vengeance* iust on their *posterity*.

But let not vs (good Lord) O let not vs,
Trace out their steps to giue examples thus,

Make

Make vs auoyde to fall into the like,
Leſt ſuddenly thy *Iudgements* do vs ſtrike,
With farre more terror on our bodyes knowne,
Then euer was vpon *Gehezi* ſhowne,
Or all thy choſen *people* thou didſt make
A warning ſad for vs (in *Time*) to take,
Beſides the loſſe (*eternall*) of thy *Grace*,
Where ſuch a one ſhall neuer ſee thy *face*.

But chaſte *Vrania*, *Soueraigne* of my *Muſe*,
In whom the *Heauens* do their beſt guifts infuſe,
Why doſt thou now thy *loue* ſo farre ingage,
As to deſcend downe to our *times* and *Age*,
Leauing the *world* that at the firſt was drownd,
To ramble out, beyond thy ſcope to ſound?
Damn'd *Vice*, vnmaske with thoſe that wreſt and lurch,
And all this while (thus) to forget the *Church*.

Retire againe, and ſtay not with vs long,
Thou maiſt be blam'd for this thy wholeſome ſong,
For 'tis moſt true one harldly ſcapes of ten,
That hunts the *Foxe* too neare the *Lions* den.
Auoyde, begone, contend not much with theſe,
For feare perhaps thou doſt ſome men diſpleaſe,
And ſo incurre ſome danger on thy ſelfe,
For taxing thoſe which are in loue with pelfe:
Come to the *Church* deare *Muſe*, where laſt of all
Thou *Henoch* leſt vpon this goodly *Ball*.
There thou art tide; O do not much abound.
Take *ſanctuary* in their holy ground:
And from theſe things till time ſhall ſerue ſurceaſe,
Then ſhalt thou *Reſt* and liue in perfect *Peace*.

Henoch the ſeuenth from *Adams* pupillage, Gen. 5. 21.
At ſixtie fiue yeares of his manly *Age*, Iud. 14.

Begat a *childe* whose like was neuer found,
From this *worlds* birth in all her spatious *Round*,
That liu'd to see so many weekes of dayes
As this man did, and yet no strength decayes:
Methuselah the wonder of his time,
Whose *age* may claime of all the *earth* the prime,
Which liu'd to see with *Simeons* heart inflam'd,
Luk. 2. 25. 26. 27. The *Arke* of *Noah* before his death all fram'd;
Tipe of that *Church* which from mount *Sion* purl'd,
When *Cæsars* scepter swayd the Westerne *world*.

Methuselah both ancient, graue and sage,
One hundred foure score and seauen yeares of *Age*,
All *chaste* doth liue, and then begets a *Son*,
Vpon whose death the *world* was quite vndon,
Lamech the father of that faithfull child,
Which sau'd seauens *Soules*, and all the rest beguild,
When that the *Arke* was by the waters heaued,
O then they knew their wits were all deceiued.

Great *Noahs* selfe from *Lamechs* loynes descended,
When full one hundred eightie yeares were ended,
And that the *Sun* had foure times crost the line,
Then is he borne, and in his *birth* did shine,
Like to a *glimpse* of that all *sacred* light,
Simile. Which in these dayes may dazle all our sight:
His name fore-tiping from his mothers brest,
Ioh 1. 19. That he was borne to be the *Churches* Rest.

Fiue hundred yeares (or neare vpon) he past
His manly dayes both continent and chaste,
And then espowsed to his future *Fame*,
A *Noble*, *Faire*, and *courteous*, *louely Dame*,

Some

Some thinke the *sister* of great *Tubal-Caine*,
Sweete *Naamah* his loue at first did gaine.
Though from the *Line* of cursed *Caine* descended,
Yet of the *Heauens* she was so highly friended,
As that her *Lot* before the *world* was drown'd,
Fell lucky forth within the *Churches* ground.

Genebrard. in Cron. Iew Rab.

Oh *God* thy workes are farre beyond our reach,
The least of them may all our *Sences* teach:
Thou hast thy *sheepe* dispersed in euery place,
From *Henochs*, *Seths* and *Caines* proud enuious *Race*:
It is thy *pleasure* bad mens *sins* to pay,
To saue (some yet) and cast not all away,
The *Flowres* oft times which do mongst *Cockle* grow,
May smell more *sweet* then any plant we sow.
And tender *Seeds* out from the *Popish* Seate,
May yet at length proue *Eares* of perfect wheate,
Chiefly when *Noah* Gods *husbandman* shall till,
And worke the *ground* according to his will,
With *pruning*, *planting* in that forme and manner,
As was the *Church* once vnder *Cæsars* Banner.

So *Abraham* was out from *Chaldee* cald,
And *Ioseph* great in *Egypts* Court instald:
Iob in the land of *Vz* amongst those men,
Where so he liu'd that grieues my *soule* to pen:
And *Moses* milde amongst the murdring sort,
Was nurst, brought vp within king *Pharohs* Court.
Hester the Queene, that made her foes a scorne,
Was marryed, (*tide*) vnto a *Pagan* borne.
And *Paul* himselfth' Apostle of vs all,
Yet first was bred within prowd *Tarsus* wal:
And diuers others which my *Muse* could name,
Were traind vp thus, and yet deseru'd no blame.

Gen. 12. 28. Ghap. 12. 2. Cha. 41. 42. 43 44. Iob. 1. Exod. 2. 5. 6. 11. 13. 15. Hest. 2. 17. cha. 7. 6. 10. Act. 21. 39.

For he that *builds* vpon the ſlippery ſand,
Yet *Time* may ſerue to make his *fabricke* ſtand,
And theſe were ſuch as from the reſt reculde,
The weaker *ſexe* are by the greater rulde,
Though ſome (perhaps) haue tride the ſame and miſt,
Yet wiſe men ſtill do winde them as they liſt.
As by example, from *Noahs* happy choyce,
This *world* of ours may euer iuſt reioyce,
To haue a *mother* without blurre or ſtaine,
When all were loſt to ſtore the *Earth* againe.

But what make wee (deare *Muſe*) with *Noahs* wife,
Chaſte *Matron*, graue preſeruer of our life?
Whoſe *Fame* deſerues *heauens* azurd richeſt gowne,
A *garland* deckt and *Lawrell* wreathed Crowne,
And in her *lap* the *Frame* of all to hold,
If *all* were made of ſolid beaten gold,
What if ſhe be deriued from the *Race*,
Of curſed *Caine*, yet hath ſhe better face?
A Conſcience cleane, *Religion* in her breſt,
Within whoſe *Soule Heauens* deareſt guifts do reſt,
Tipe of the *Church* now to perfection wrought,
Which was at firſt but out of *darkeneſſe* brought.

Looke backe againe, and poſt not one too faſt,
For feare thou beeſt beyond thy compaſſe caſt:
Tell what befell to *Adams* iſſue left,
What miſdemeanours all his ofspring kept,
Ech man his neighbor deadly hates and wounds,
Sin ouerflowes (in euery place) abounds,
The greater ſtill deuouring vp the ſmall,
That in the end th'oppreſſed blood doth call
For *vengeance* iuſt vnto the *God* of Powre,
Who doth deſcend, and on the world doth lowre,

Re-

Repents himſelfe that ere he did begin,
To frame the ſame thus poyſoned all with ſin,
Whoſe true repentance from his eyes did draw,
That ſtreame of teares which wofully they ſaw,
When all the *Earth* could ſcarce ſupport, containe
The *Inundation* of his furious raine;
But ſunke, ſhranke in, vnder the water diues,
As loath to ſaue the wicked treacherous liues,
Of hatefull men that neuer liu'd at Reſt,
But when they bloud ſpilt on her (crimſon) breſt.

This was the cauſe which made the Clouds to drop,
Sad ſudden ſhowres (downe) from Dame *Natures* ſhop,
And all the fountaines of the greateſt *deepe*,
To be broke vp o're all the *Earth* to creepe, Gen. 7. 11.
Heauens Windowes ope, the ratling Aire to ſound,
With fearefull ſtormes like to a *Chaos* drown'd, ſimile.
Rumbling and tumbling, iumbling all together,
As we haue ſeene in ſudden ſulphery Weather,
Gods voyce to teare (Heauens Curtaine) to our wonder, Pſal. 29. 3
Out from a darke black horrid dreadfull thunder.

But yet before God doth to Iudgement paſſe, Eſa. 40. 6, 7
He meditates, and ſees that mans but graſſe, ſimile.
Like to a flower that in the morning cut, 1. Pet. 1. 24.
Is yet ere night with their dead bodies put, Pſal. 90. 5, 6
Into the Graue, and ſo conſume together, ſimile.
Euen in a Moment changed hither thither,
Dride vp to nothing by Heauens altring time,
When (yeſterday) they flouriſht in their prime.

God re-aſcends, and lets the world alone,
Takes *Enoch* vp that liu'd therein to mone,

Waile, grieue, lament, the abuſes which he ſaw,
Committed were againſt the conſcience, law,
Of noble *Nature* in that ſinfull age,
Small hope to mend when all could not aſſwage,
The furious current of their ſtreame and tide,
Too good (ſweete *Saint*) with theſe foule men to bide.

Enoch taken vp.

The Angels bright, and all the powers diuine,
Before thy face in glittring Robes do ſhine,
Their number more then are the ſtars and ſands,
With golden Cenſors in their pure white hands,
Winged with *Fame* to mount the higheſt Heauens,
Ranck't all in order muſtring iuſt by ſeauens,
Deſcending ſweetely on thy louely Breſt,
To bring both ſoule and body to their Reſt,
By ſafe conueyance in a Charriot fram'd,
Of burniſht gold, the Horſe with loue inflam'd;
Mount vp the *Aire* with ſtately ſtomack fierce,
And at the laſt the brazen Wall doth pierce:
Where like a Prince that *Paradiſe* had gain'd,
Of *Eue* and *Adam* thou art entertain'd,
With farre more loue within ſo braue a field,
Then all the World and all therein can yeeld,
Gen. 5. 24 Iude 14. There thou doſt liue when they are wrapt in duſt,
The *ſeuenth* from them, *Tipe* of our Sabaoth iuſt.

Now thou art gone what can be heere expected,
But *Enuy*, *Hate*, with all good deedes neglected,
Pride, *Cruelty*, *Extortion*, ouer-rules;
Making the Earth *Vermilion* dyde with *gules*,
And ſable ſhewes of foule inueterate ſpleene,
Hatch't in Hels vaults whoſe like was neuer ſeene,
Before this time ſo ſtrongly to abound,
And ouerflow the Vniuerſall Round,

As

As that small hope there is at all to mend,
Till God to *Iustice* shall from *Heauen* descend,
And view the world not as he made it first,
But as it is poluted, stain'd accurst,
Contagious, vile in *Caines* adulterous race,
And ouerspred with all damn'd actions base,
When what we should not in our pawes we get,
As bad and worse as ere I told you yet.

But cease deare *Muse* for thou at large hast layd,
Their sins wide ope and all their spight betray'd,
Vnmask't the Browes of all that wicked Rout,
Which diu'd to Hell to bring their plots about,
The rest preseru'd, I meane those Children deare,
That liue in Loue and worshipt God in feare,
Whose bloud ascended, Mounted vp the skye,
And for iust *Vengeance* at his Throne did cry.

God heares their moane and re-descends againe,
And sees that Sin the totall Earth did staine,
In stead of Flowers and wholesome pleasing fruite,
He finds but *Weedes* and barbarous actions bruite,
The weake poore man still by the greater cast,
In far worse case then when he view'd it last;
Now *Cruelty* doth grinde the Infants face,
To swallow all with griping proiects base,
Corruption, *Bribes*, the World it selfe doth fill,
From *Sodoms* Vale to *Sions* sacred Hill,
Comes neere the Church to enter in her walls,
To fill it full of deadly poysoned galls.

But one man liuing on this spacious Round,
From *Sols* first sight till where his teame is drown'd,

In

In all the Earths large goodly plenteous ſcope,
From *Colmogro* vnto the *Cape* of *Hope*,
That God could find to haue an vpright heart,
Which from his *Loue* could not be drawne to ſtart,
By ill examples of that froward Race,
Which ouerſwarm'd (the World) in euery place,
With *Guile*, *Oppreſſion*, *Cruelty* and *Hate*,
As in this Worke I told you of but late.

Him God ſelects and (graciouſly) culs out,
From the rude Rabble of that murdring Rout,
Gen. 19. 16 As in the dayes when *Sodom* was deſtroy'd,
24, 25 Iuſt righteous *Lot* was not at all annoy'd,
Pſal. 34. 6, 7 But well brought forth by Angels ſafe and ſure,
19. 22 Preſerued was from their curſt hands impure,
Pſal. 83. 35. The harmeleſſe man may ſuffer extreme wrong,
Amongſt thoſe men that are (perchance) too ſtrong,
In *Wealth*, *Friends*, *Kindred*, *Combination*, *Coate*,
To draw ſlye oathes to cut the poore mans throate:
Yet this may be a comfort to his ſoule,
For all their tricks and treacherous actions foule,
Damn'd *Pollicies* vnto their vtmoſt might,
Although he fall, he ſhall not periſh quight.

So art thou iuſt in all thy works O God,
When the World feeles the burden of thy rod,
And heauy weight of thy all powerfull hands,
The vpright man ſtill (at thy mercy) ſtands,
Although ſometimes thou ſhewſt thy hinder part,
Exo. 33. 23 To let him taſte that which his mind thinks tart,
1. Pet. 4. 12, Yet as thy Word in many places ſaith,
13, 14. Thou doſt but try to proue his vtmoſt faith,
Theſ. 4. 6 And when (oft-times) his courage failes and ſinkes,
Eſay 26. 16, As brought neere to their dangerous pits and brinkes;
17, 18, 19

Then

Then dost thou keepe him from their murdring pawes,
Base, cruell, curst, deuouring, griping iawes,
And full of Loue, compassion, pitty, grace,
Vnuailst thy Browes to shew thy glorious Face,

(Ah dearest God) euen whilst my *Muse* was working
Vpon this *Place*, how were my foes all lurking
About my house, to vndermine my state,
With secret traines, close to my dores and gate.
But thou didst wake when I was fast asleepe,
To make me know that thou dost alwayes keepe,
Thy *sheepe* from danger of a *Wolfe* most fierce,
Which in my bloud (next to my state) would pierce
Then didst thou giue me at that instant howre,
A *Vision* strange to shew thy secret powre,
That in a dreame when once my body wak't,
My inward thoughts and all my sences shak't;
But *Reason* guides and swayes me downe her streame,
To make me prize it boue an vsuall dreame.

Whereat I went, lockt vp my dores most sure,
To keepe me safe from treacherous pawes impure,
Which neuer yet in all my life was done,
The hatefull lawes of cruell foes to shun;
But (Heauenly God) when least I knew of harme,
How did they then about my house all swarme
On euery side, with rauing speeches hot,
Like *Sodomits* about the walls of *Lot*, Gen. 19. 4, 5, 9, 10, 11.
Till thou protectedst broughtst me safely out,
From the curst fury of that griping Rout;
Stroke them with blindnesse all like Tygers lay;
While thou conueydst my body sure away,
To sound thy prayse, and blaze thy glorious name,
To end (this worke) to thy renowned fame.

So dost thou now to make vs all admire,
Thy fauour shewde vnto our reuerent Sire,
Descend to *Noah* the wonder of his *Time*,
When *Nemesis* vp to thy Throne did clime,
To craue iust *Vengeance* at thy hands for all,
The bloud shed, spilt, vpon this spacious *Ball*,
Told him an end of all mens barbarous liues,
With the sad fall of their (incestuous) *Wiues*,
The cruell Race of monstrous Giants great,
That like to Wolues (the flock) did tare and beate,
And wound them so, as now not one was left,
Besides himselfe, that from his birth had kept:
His mind vnspotted (*Conscience*) cleane and pure,
Not tainted, stain'd with euery golden Lure,
And euery beast which on the earth doth feede,
The fowles of Heauen that in the Aire do breede,
With all flesh liuing on this goodly frame,
The young and old too tedious heere to name,
With those hard hearted which the weake anoyd,
Should (by a floud) be all of them destroyd,
And that himself would (alter) turne their glasse,
Before a hundred twenty yeeres should passe,
Those which repented in that time and space,
Should respite haue to find his loue and grace,
And all the rest within this boundlesse round,
Should then be washt, consum'd away and drown'd.

God wills him further to prouide in time,
Against the *Floud* that highest *Mounts* will clime,
And frame an *Arke* for to secure his life,
His children deare and tender hearted wife,
From the fell furious raging tide, and streames,
Of *Neptune* (proud) that vndermines her seames,

To pierce her *ioynts* and lay them open all,
When bluſtring *waues* vpon her ſides do fall:
Bids him go poaſt to *Maſia* land with ſpeed,
And fell thoſe *Pines* which now the *world* did need,
whoſe wondrous *height* may dazle all our ſight,
To ſee them grow two hundred foot vpright
Firme from the *ground*, and to be parted plaine
Into the three parts, and then *vnite* againe.
Tipe of that *Church*, whoſe *ground* was layd by *Paul*,
When *three* make *one* and *one* but *all* in *all*.

Mæſia in Aſia minor.

So was the *Arke* diuided into parts,
To amaze the *minds* of true *Religious* harts:
Three *ſtories* high the ſame was fully fram'd,
To hold the ſorts of creatures wild and tam'd,
Made all of *Pine*, pitcht both without and in,
To ſuckor *none* that periſht for their ſin:
And that the *reſt* as *God* had iuſt decreed,
The *Male* and *Female* in the ſame ſhould breed,
To ſtore the *world*, repleniſh it againe
With *fruite* more *milde* then firſt the earth did ſtaine.

The *Arke* once fram'd according to the forme
That *God* had layd before the furious ſtorme,
Fell croſly forth contrary to the *minde*,
Of thoſe great *men*, which did the weaker *grind*:
They wondred *all* at this ſo huge a *frame*,
Derided, *ſcoft*, too *bitter* here to name,
And at the laſt attempted barbarous *rude*
Their hands *polluted* all with bloud *imbrude*:
To teare it downe and make it but the *ſcorne*
To all thoſe men hereafter ſhould be *borne*.

But God aboue perceiuing that their pride,
The totall earth on euery side had dide,
With crimson *gore* and that they ment outright,
To spoyle his *Worke*, deface it vtter quight,
Powers down his *Iudgments*, sends those feareful showers
That all the *Aire* i'th instant thunders lowers,
With sable clouds, and sulphery flames of fire.
Tearing the Heauens, making the World admire:
To see the *Earth*, the *Aire*, *Fire*, *Waters* all,
Flock altogether round about this *Ball*;
Ioyne all as one euen in an instant soone,
To stop mans breath sending a night at noone:
That in a *Moment* all their liues are dround,
Their pride much like the *Ægyptian* army found,
That in the *Sea* vpon the crimson sands,
Against Gods *sheepe* heau'd vp their murdring hands,
The *Arke* protected from their trecherous pawes,
Damn'd *Enuious* fowle base curst deuouring Iawes,
Heau'd from the Earth, vpon the Water bides,
Secure from hurt, when God her *Pilot* guides,
Triumphant marches, in all stormes it stands,
Their *vnbeliefe* bold impudency brands,
With that iust scourge, which if they had repented,
All had beene well, his *Iudgements* staid and stented.

Full sixteene hundred complete yeares were ended,
And fifty sixe when God in sunder rended,
The sable clouds, and made the Waters mount,
To drowne the World according to the count,
Of all the *Hebrewes*, glory of the *Earth*,
Whose sacred stories of admired worth,
Haue purchast *fame*, and aye deserued well',
Before the *rest* to beare away the *Bell*.

Heere could I sing th' *afflictions*, *sorrowes*, *griefe*,
Vexations, *troubles*, sundry *mischiefes* reise: That

That dayly hapned to *Noahs* ſacred *Arke*,
Toſt too and fro as is a little *Barke*.
Vpon the wings of (enuious) *Eols* rage.
And ſome good men within this iron *Age*,
The Surges, Waues, vpon her ſides all beate,
The ſturdy Rocks to ſplit, her *wombe* do threate,
The *Sands* to choake, the *ſtormes* to batter downe,
As all the *Reſt* ſo ſhe her ſelfe to drowne.

But ſtill protected by Gods powerfull hands,
Againſt the *ſtreame* of all theſe *rubs* ſhe ſtands,
And on the *Waters Waues*, foule miſchiefes all,
She paſſes through, and viewes this ſpacious *Ball*,
Vntill at laſt ſhe chanſt her ſelfe to eaſe,
From the fell fury of the enuious *Seas*,
Vpon the top of that admired *Hill*, Ararat.
Whoſe worthy *fame* the totall *Earth* doth fill, Gen. 8. 4.
As more at large ſhall be deſcribed plaine,
In my next Booke, when once (my *peace*) I gaine,
Meane time deare *Muſe*, with *Noahs* ſacred Pile,
Let vs but ſtay and reſt our ſelues awhile.

FINIS.